



PHOENIX
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EGYPT

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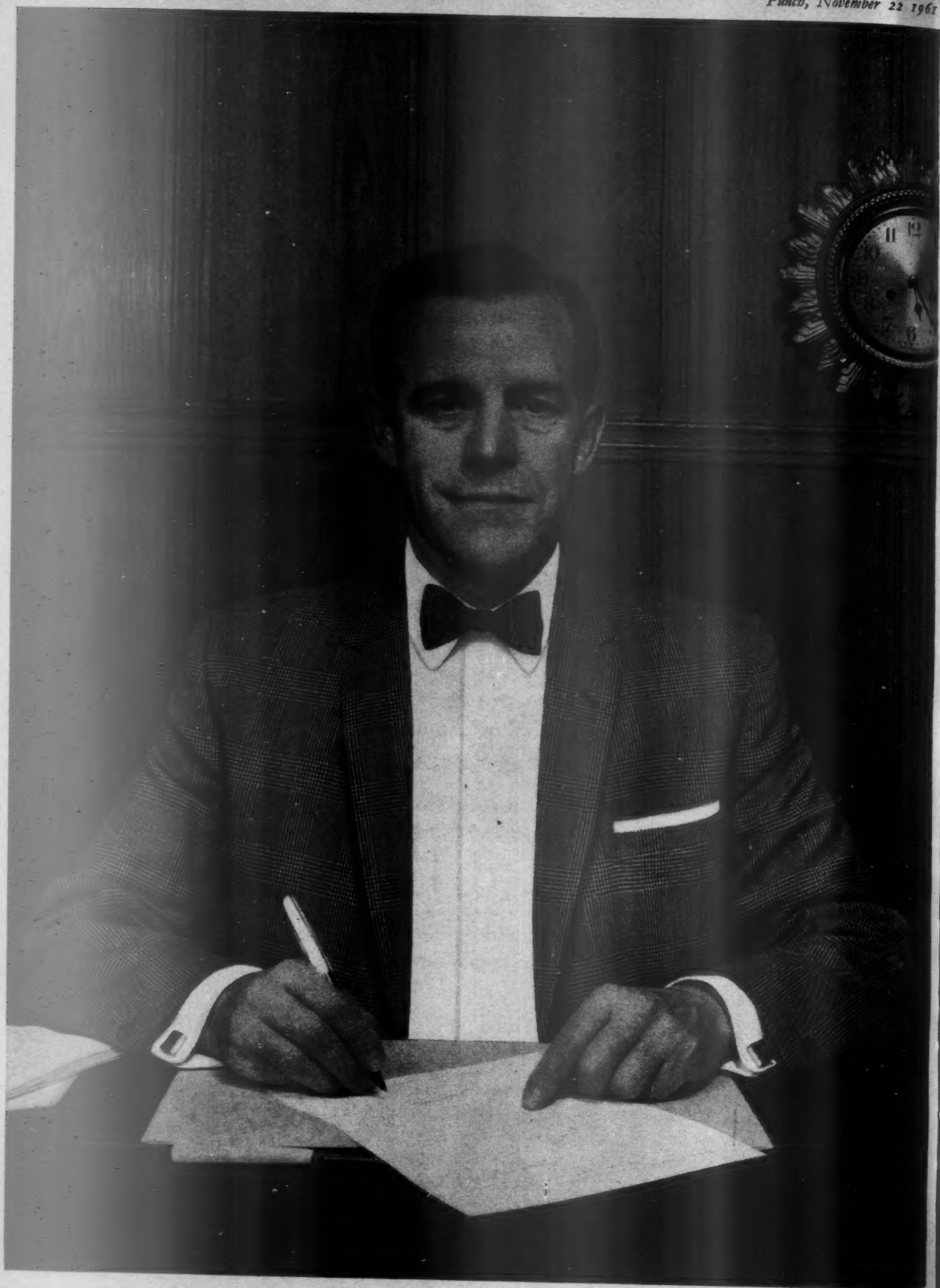
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The front of a Scott-Ward shirt is too good to hide

THE SCOTT-WARD COLLAR, AND THE CUFFS TOO, ARE OUT OF THE ORDINARY

That's not all. Only Scott-Ward make a shirt in a fabric which combines the luxury of pure silk with the convenience of 'Terylene.'

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A word to the ladies

If you are wondering what you can buy for the man who 'has every thing' (or deserves to) you can't go wrong with a Scott-Ward shirt. He would be likely to choose it for himself; however, he hasn't got it yet because it has not been available in the shops until now. But you'd better be quick off the mark.

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Magnums Magnanimous and Mixed Foursomes in Level Fours—a selection of wines and spirits in large bottles and jars, which work out cheaper that way.

And Lord Lapper-Litre appeals to you to remember any poor Lord still without a job in the Government this Christmas. The following all fit in well with the great Downing Street dish *Cabinet Pudding Resoufflé*—Not a Commoner among them.

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404 Johannisberger Klausenberg 33/9
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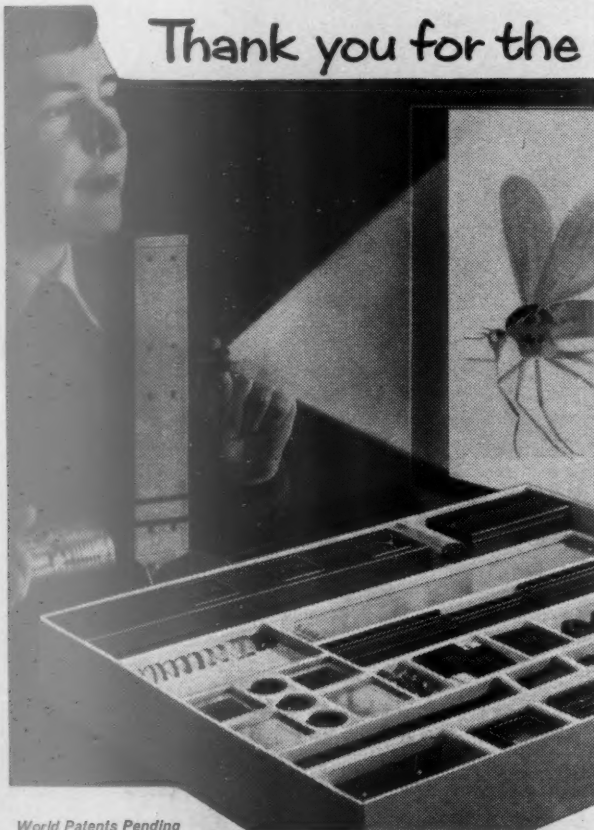
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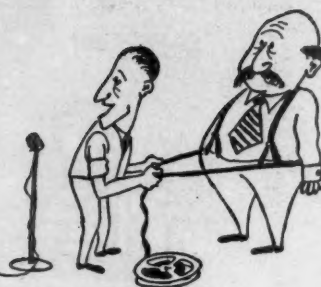


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Yellowstone, Wyoming, U.S.A.

180 parks were created overnight at Yellowstone, U.S.A.

In 1870, a party of men set out to explore the Yellowstone area of Wyoming in western America. For several weeks, they studied its wonders: a waterfall, which, although narrower than Victoria Falls, is almost as high; geysers that spout jets of steam more than two hundred feet into the air; bubbling pools of sulphurous water; and glassy slabs of obsidian rock.

None of the men was wealthy; and, under the laws of the time, they could have claimed the Yellowstone as their private property. One evening, around their campfire, they discussed this possibility but decided, no, the Yellowstone should belong to all the people. At their urging, the American Congress passed a law two years later that said, this tract "shall be dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

A park in the middle of a wilderness? A pleasuring-ground when the nation desperately needed settlements? Yet the vision of these men gave birth to America's National Park System. Today, it contains 24,000,000 acres, divided into 180 areas. But it is not the size that counts; it is the quality. Each area has particular historic or esthetic interest. Such lands, in America, belong to everyone.

The American spirit finds many means of expression. This is one example, presented for your interest by Bankers Trust Company, a commercial bank which is based in New York, has offices in London, and is represented in Paris and Rome.

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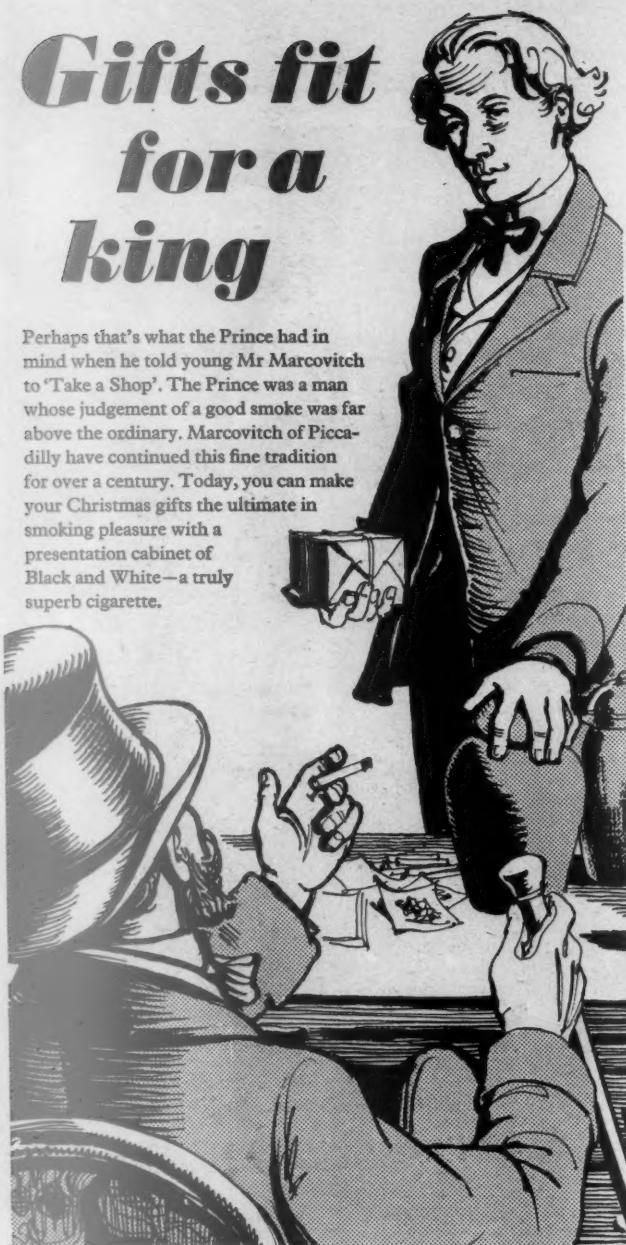
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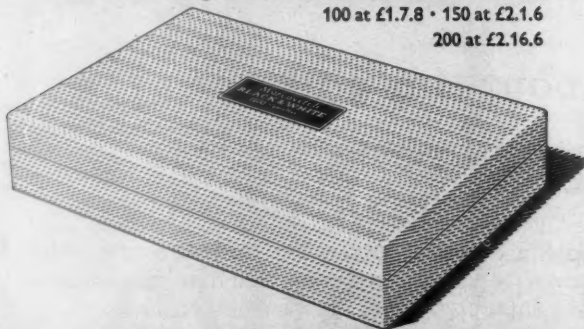
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We/I the undersigned hereby declare that I/We have read and nearly/fully understood Accles & Pollock's Directors statement about Stainless Steel Tubes and would like a technical booklet about them (the tubes, not the Directors).

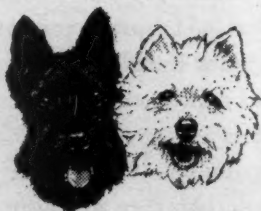
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SCOTCH WHISKY

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THE SECRET IS IN THE BLENDING



THE LONDON CHARIVARI

All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)

The Affair (Strand: TEM 2660)—did the Don fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of C. P. Snow. (27/9/61)
The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly: GER 4506)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)
As You Like It (Stratford-upon-Avon)—good production with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. Nov. 24. (12/7/61)
Becket (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—a winner by Anouilh, well acted. Nov. 23-29. (26/6/61)
Beyond the Fringe (Fortune: TEM 2238)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)
Billy Liar (Cambridge: TEM 6056)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)
Bonne Soupe (Comedy: WHI 2578)—cynical comedy from Paris, not for the nursery. (1/11/61)
Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's: WHI 6606)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)
Do Re Mi (Prince of Wales: WHI 8681)—average American musical. (18/10/61)
Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick: TEM 4601)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)
Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess: TEM 8243)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)
Guilty Part (St. Martin's: TEM 1443)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)
Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—patchy production that has improved: Nov. 25 and 28. (19/4/61)
Heartbreak House (Wyndham's: TEM 3028)—excellent revival of one of Shaw's most stimulating plays. (8/11/61)
Irma la Douce (Lyric: GER 3686)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)
The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion: WHI 3216)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)
The Keep (Royal Court: SLO 1745)—new play by Gwyn Thomas.
Let Yourself Go! (Palladium: GER 7373)—revue. Harr: Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)
The Long Sunset (Mermaid: CIT 7656)—gripping play about end of Roman occupation of Britain. (15/11/61)
The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville: TEM 4011)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)
Luther (Phoenix: TEM 8611)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)
Mourning Becomes Electra (Old Vic: WAT 7616)—new production.
The Mousetrap (Ambassadors: TEM 1171)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)
The Music Man (Adelphi: TEM 7611)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane: TEM 8108)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)

Oliver! (New: TEM 3878)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)

One For The Pot (Whitehall: WHI 6692)—the latest Whitehall farce. (16/8/61)

One Over the Eight (Duke of York's: TEM 5122)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)

Othello (Stratford-upon-Avon)—John Gielgud's first Othello too elaborately produced. Nov. 22. (18/10/61)

The Rehearsal (Globe: GER 1592)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)

Romeo and Juliet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. Nov. 23 and 27. (18/10/61)

Ross (Haymarket: WHI 9832)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)

The Sound of Music (Palace: GER 6834)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)

Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's: REG 1166)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)

The Taming of the Shrew (Aldwych: TEM 6404)—Vanessa Redgrave and Derek Godfrey make the evening worth while. Nov. 22. (20/9/61)

Teresa of Avila (Vaudeville: TEM 4871)—Sybil Thorndike in mild but well-acted play about Carmelite squabbles. (1/11/61)

A Whistle in the Dark (Apollo: GER 2663)—Irish violence, well done. (20/9/61)

Young in Heart (Victoria Palace: VIC 1317)—the Grazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Rep. **Mister Universe**, until Dec. 17. Civic, Chesterfield. **Much Ado About Nothing**, until Nov. 25.

Castle, Farnham. **Dr. Angelus**, until Nov. 25.

Leatherhead Theatre. **The Moon Is Blue**, until Nov. 25.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Bachelor in Paradise (Ritz: GER 1234)—Bright comedy with Bob Hope as a sociologist studying American life. (15/11/61)

Ben-Hur (Royalty: HOL 8004)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (Plaza: WHI 8944)—Glossy light romantic comedy in colour, beautifully done; Audrey Hepburn irresistible. Ends Nov. 22. (1/11/61)

The Connection (Academy: GER 2981)—Reviewed this week.

Exodus (Astoria: GER 5385)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

Francis and Assisi (Carlton: WHI 3711)—Visually splendid, but the script provides many a laugh in the wrong place.

Il Generale della Rovere (International Film Theatre: BAY 2345)—Reviewed this week.

Gorgo (London Pavilion: GER 2982)—Science fiction in colour: 250-ft.-tall monster crashes through London. Entertaining nonsense. (8/11/61)

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia: REG 5414)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure story. (10/5/61)

Hiroshima Mon Amour (Gala-Royal: AMB 2345)—Revival of the subtle, moving, allusive, atmospheric love story directed by Alain Resnais. (20/1/60)

The Hustler (Rialto: GER 3488)—Admirably done, absorbing story of a billiards swindler. (8/11/61)

Kapo (Continental: MUS 4193)—Woman's inhumanity to woman in Nazi prison camps. Hate propaganda.

Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (Studio One: GER 3300)—Disney, based on James Oliver Curwood novel. Visually fine, but otherwise like old-style animal films

—facetious music, arranged fights galore.

La Règle du Jeu (Academy: GER 2981, late night show)—Jean Renoir's classic, in full for the first time since 1939. (11/10/61)

CONTINUED ON PAGE XIX

To fête the girl you aim to please



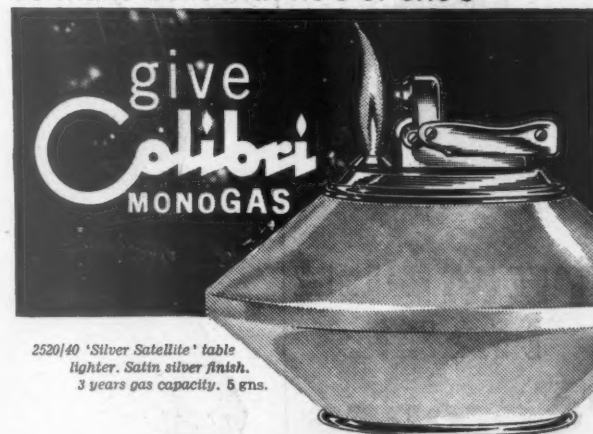
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whatever
the
occasion
choose



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Here is a splendid glove by Dents—called **WARWICK**—made of good-looking, hard-wearing cape leather. They are cosily lined inside for warmth and comfort. You will find that they stretch sideways to the exact shape of your hand. What they don't do is stretch the wrong way—beyond the ends of your fingers. This is due to "hidden fit," which is a special feature of all gloves made by Dents.



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easy to choose!
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the collar-perfect Tern shirts.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII

Paris Blues (Odeon, Marble Arch: PAD 8011)—Brief encounters in Paris: two jazz musicians, two visiting American girls. Unpretentiously well done. (15/11/61)

Rocco and His Brothers (Cameo Poly: LAN 1744, and Cameo Royal: WHI 6915)—Visconti's epic about the struggles of a dead-poor rural family to survive in Milan. (20/9/61)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (Curzon: GRO 3737)—A young Northerner (Albert Finney) at home and in and out of one or two other beds. Admirably done, very enjoyable. (9/11/60)

Shadow of Adultery (Berkeley: MUS 8150)—Misleading title for the French *La Proie pour l'Ombre*. Career-woman (Annie Girardot) wants independence, ditches lover (Christian Marquand) as well as husband (Daniel Gélin) to get it. Good detail, contrived framework.

South Pacific (Dominion: MUS 2176)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Spartacus (Metropole: VIC 4673)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator; blood, violence and colour in the arena.

A Taste of Honey (Gala-Royal: AMB 2345)—Excellent film version of the play: drabness made exhilarating by perceptive writing, fresh playing, observant direction. (27/9/61)

This is Cinerama (London Casino: GER 6877)—the first Cinerama show, back for a time.

The Tramp (Curzon: GRO 3737)—French (*Archimède le Clochard*): bravura comic performance by Jean Gabin.

SHOPS



Ursula Bloom is at **Harrods** Nov. 22 in the "Tea with an Author" series: Georgian restaurant, 3.30 pm. Christmas hampers a speciality. Also from **Fortnum & Mason** and **Whiteleys**, who send cases of wine, spirits and liqueurs. A "wine by wire" service has just been introduced at most of the leading wine merchants.

New this year, Christmas gift tokens for all branches of **Davis Cleaners**, **Suedecraft**, and **Vane Portraits**, South Audley Street, W.1. **Austin Reed** now operate a gift voucher scheme: latest merchandise includes exclusively woven tweed slacks, wool host coats, Hardy Amies silk ties. At **Robinson & Cleaver's** are Dior silk ties, scarves, dressing-gowns; for women, **Bentalls** of Kingston have matching dressing-gowns and bed-jackets. Perfumery department here has Yardley and Coty fitted beauty cases, **Elizabeth Arden's Boutique**, Bond Street, shows new lines in leather beauty cases.

Dry-ski classes at **Moss Bros.**, under Norwegian instructor, begin Nov. 27: courses of three or six lessons, enrolment necessary. For pre-ski exercises, their "Spenski" training machine can be hired privately or used on the premises Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings from Nov. 27. All children's ski-wear can be bought or hired here. **Gordon Lowe**, Brompton Arcade, S.W.3, has a range of Flintwear anoraks in Swiss cotton.

MUSIC AND BALLET



Royal Albert Hall.—Nov. 24, 7.45 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloists Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick. Nov. 25, 7.30 pm, The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Nov. 26, 7.30 pm, Marian Anderson with Franz Rupp (piano).

Royal Festival Hall.—Nov. 22, 8 pm, London Mozart Players, soloists Jacqueline Delman (soprano), David Mason (trumpet). Nov. 23, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloists Isaac Stern (violin), Leonard Rose (cello). Nov. 24, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Arthur Grumiaux (violin). Nov. 25, 8 pm, Virtuosi Di Roma. Nov. 26, 3 pm, George Malcolm (harpichord); 7.30 pm, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, with Gerald Moore

CONTINUED ON PAGE XXI

Watch
out—
it's here
again

NOT A THING CAN STOP IT. You can't reverse the clocks, replace torn-off calendar dates, make it summer again.

Even if you opt out of English fog to Jamaica or some other hot spot, December 25th keeps on approaching. The shops say so. The advertisers say so. If you possess a small child, it says so too. More likely, *all* your children point it out.

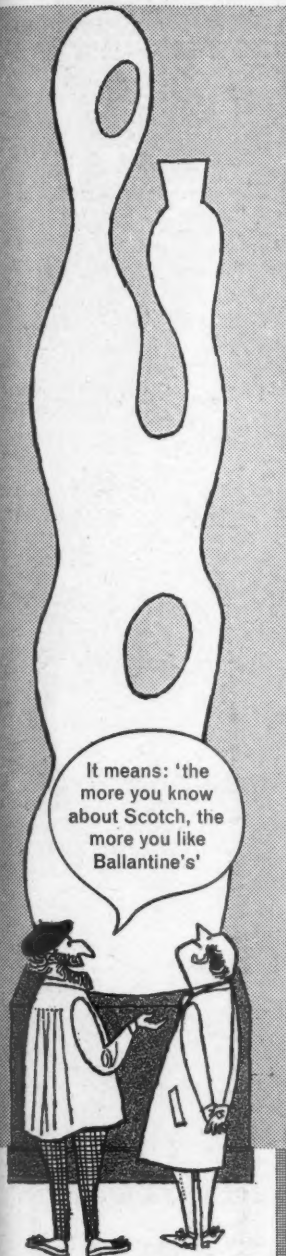
So be reasonable. Acceptance is the thing. December 25—day of S. Claus, Père Noël or who you will—is coming. Let it. Others rush to Woolworths, Fortnums, M. & S. You know better. You don't do anything.

Now what's the trouble? Un-ease, anxiety creeping in? Not necessary. You are making a stand about Christmas, that's all. You're not ungenerous. It's just that you don't like to be pushed into present-buying.

But you're protesting. Oh! You like giving when the time comes. Damn it, that alters things. Why didn't you say so before? When *what* time comes anyway. *Rolex time of course*. Père Rolex? But naturally, what could be more suitable?

Presents that are easy to choose, because as you want to give the best there's one simple answer. Rolex. Presents that don't take up too much room in the house. Rolex. Presents that don't need to be gift-wrapped (they look so good naturally). Rolex. Gold, Steel—good solid Christmas metals all. Rolex. *Special* presents for people you like best. Rolex. Men. Rolex. Women. Rolex. Children? No, there is a limit.

But there's no escaping Rolex. Look around as much as you like, there's no nicer way of saying, Christmas is here again. Of course, if you're the one who gets the Rolex, well—it's a very happy Christmas, that's all.





Dr. Page-Barker was right about Dandruff...

In the reign of Edward VII, Dr. Page-Barker perfected the dandruff lotion which still bears his name. Since then, countless remedies for this troublesome complaint have come — and gone.

Dr. Page-Barker's Dandruff Lotion continues to be in demand because it is increasingly realised that dandruff is a health trouble which needs treatment by the medical formula of Dr. Page-Barker's scurf and dandruff lotion. Another old theory has been proved right by modern science.

Dr. Page-Barker's
SCURF & DANDRUFF LOTION

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS • IN BOTTLES **4/3**

PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6324 November 22 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood

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*For overseas rates see page 772.

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X



Charivaria

IF there is to be a Liberal Government again, the party will have to start persuading the right people to jump on the bandwagon at once. The first Labour Government found itself in difficulties because Labour had not proved sufficiently attractive to young barristers. Is Mr. Grimond making sure he will have enough dedicated but brilliant colleagues to form a Cabinet? They will have to be pretty young now, of course. Ambitious politicians in their twenties are going to be faced with some agonising decisions.

Silver Lining

THE odds against being killed on the railways, I read with satisfaction, are of the order of fifty million to one. Still, let's not get complacent about it; the odds against being fried by a nuclear bomb are, statistically speaking, incomparably longer than this, and yet they're short enough to get people protesting against them all over the



western world. Hadn't we better go and have a nice sit-down at Waterloo before we're all wiped out?

Yorkshire Post

THERE is a woman in Brighouse who saw smoke coming out of her wall, and wrote to tell the Fire Brigade about it. I must say I like this example of good old Yorkshire *sang-froid*; so many of us excitable southerners would

have gone tearing out into the street looking for the nearest telephone box to dial 999 from. The only thing that spoils the story for me is that the Fire Brigade, as soon as they got her letter, went clanging along to her house and put the fire out. True Yorkshiremen would have sent her a letter pointing out the proper way to call the Fire Brigade.

Elks Take Over

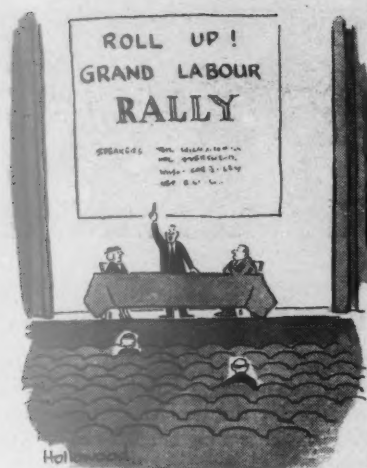
WHENEVER I see pictures of elaborate and expensive fallout shelters I think of the inhabitants



emerging and finding themselves in a world populated exclusively by successful business men.

The Stranger Within Thy Gates

THE Ministers of the Free Presbyterian of Lewis are making a brave stand against the possibility that the dreaded continental Sunday will deprave their island. They are threatening to excommunicate anybody found working on Sundays at the proposed NATO air base at Stornoway. But they are laying up trouble for themselves by admitting that though they object to any form of work on the Sabbath they are particularly against work concerning the NATO base. Lord's Day Observance is an all-or-nothing affair, and the moment it becomes involved in fine distinctions absurdities result. It is less than a century since children were not allowed to play with their bricks on a Sunday but kept themselves



"The Tories, my friends, cling stubbornly to power . . ."

happy for hours making splendid castles out of the volumes of sermons which they were supposed to be reading.

Positive Action, Please

THIS week in America is labelled National Indigestion Week, which seems to me defeatist. It should be called the Festival of Eupepsia. Persuading fit people that they are ill is



"What are you off for political reasons this week? Port and lemon, Algerian wine, Russian vodka . . ."

the basis of a lot of commercial television advertising but to proclaim a nation-wide bicarbonate of soda saturnalia is going too far. You don't catch our British campaigners organising a Kick-the-Cat or Scupper-the-Lifeboat Day.

Just Testing

I SEE the latest slot machine will not only take pound notes but, through some complicated mechanism, also test if they are genuine. What about fitting it with a set of teeth that could test coins too?

Comrades in Arms

UNFORESEEN complications may crop up in the NAAFI bar at the School of Artillery in Larkhill, Wilts, where other ranks and officers are to drink together. Most obvious is the pay-book discrepancy. To extend a call of five pints of wallop, on seeing the top brass bustle in through the swing doors, to include "and three Bloody Marys" on the eve of pay parade might make for lowered morale. Shop would have to be rigorously taboo, or a keen-type subaltern might snap off an acting bombardier's long and not very funny story by barking "Haircut, that man" just as the big laugh was hoped to be coming. Here is perhaps the one place where apartheid's best in everyone's interests.

Golden Handclasp?

IT seems that a passenger went berserk on an Australian airliner and the new handcuffs which were recently added to the amenities were used for the first time. We do not seem to have been told much about these handcuffs. Is there a gold-plated pair for Luxury Class, a wrought iron one for Economy? The shipping companies, admittedly, provide only a one-class padded cell, but the air lines need not follow such a scurvy example.

The Four-Star Life

A MAN I know stayed the night recently at one of those hotels with wall-to-wall broadloom even in the lifts. At breakfast, eager for his money's worth, he ordered a cereal and was fascinated to see the tail-coated waiter advancing across the great gilt dining-room with a bowl containing a

small carton set dead-centre. He placed this on the table, retired a few paces and watched gravely as the guest scabbled away at the carton and decanted the flakes. He then retrieved the packet and withdrew.

Unfair to Hydrogen

THE corn oil in—Margarine," says an advertisement in an American weekly, "is *never treated with hydrogen*"; and this, it explains, is why their—Margarine is so suitable for something or other. Poor old hydrogen!—ever since that wretched hydrogen bomb appeared on the scene, it's always been cast as the villain. When it was only one of the constituents of water, or what you used the peroxide of to bleach your hair, or the stuff that made balloons lighter than air, it really had quite a following, as elements go. I should like to found a society called the Friends of Hydrogen, to restore its reputation. One of the first things I should do would be to point out that the formula for ethyl alcohol (the kind we drink) is C_2H_5OH . Look, six hydrogen atoms to two of carbon and only one of pure, life-giving oxygen.

Look—No Eyes!

IF I were a lorry driver forbidden to sit at the wheel for more than so many hours at a stretch I should not think very highly of a law which allows rally motorists to hurtle about the country for five days with only one night's rest; which was the "ordeal" faced by 150 competitors in the RAC's British International Rally. In events like this it is surely the cars which test the drivers, not the drivers who test the cars; and many must wonder why such an exercise should be held on the public highways. I have a feeling that 150 drivers of heavy lorries would have got through with fewer dents in their vehicles.

Song

Stalinallee, East Berlin, is renamed
Karl Marx Allee

OF all the seers there's none like Marx
(Who wrote *Das Kapital*). He
Now finds new fame in mural plaques—
There's one in Stalinallee.

—MR. PUNCH

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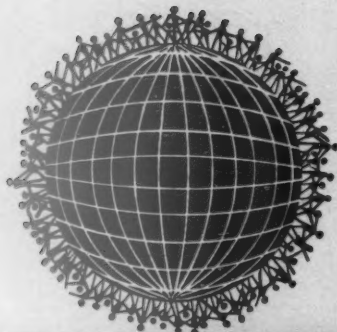
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PUNCH



Norman Macdonald

"Hey, you!"



THE CROWDED WORLD

How population is pruned among the remote communities



THE FRUITFUL PRIMITIVES

By **ELSPETH HUXLEY**

A SINGLE termite queen will lay over one million eggs a month—certain jellyfish, 500 million in a season. One migrating horde of springbok, packed shoulder to shoulder, submerged an area of veld as large as Northumberland; 120 starlings introduced into the United States increased to 120 million. Almost all these creatures were expendable: a surplus, a margin of error, created to insure against hazards, disasters and enemies, and to make sure that, out of so vast a natural increase, enough survived merely to replace the parents and to carry on the breed.

In this battle for survival the chief weapon is fertility. The closer human beings live to the primitive the stronger is their instinct to obey these natural laws, even when the reasons for the laws have vanished and to observe them will not replenish but destroy the earth. Outside the bustling new African capitals, full of economic missions, Ministers with brief-cases, party rallies and beauty queens, little painted clay idols stand amid the new-turned earth to promote the fertility of crops and women, goats are sacrificed to remove the ancient curse of barrenness. Where a dress by Dior or the latest in spin-driers comforts us Admass victims of the West, a baby on the back,

another on the way and a regiment of pattering feet in the mud hut remain the status-symbols of the primitive woman, an empty quiver her ultimate disgrace.

To die without living sons is, for most primitive people, a spiritual as well as an economic disaster. There will be no one to appease your spirit when you are gone, no one to perform the family sacrifices, no earthly home to which your spirit may return. A child's physical paternity matters much less than the fact of its existence; so long as it is there, strengthening the tribe and family, one can always stretch a point about its origin. The suspicion that Othello "twixt my sheets has done my office" with Emilia was one of Iago's excuses for tormenting the Moor. In a primitive society Iago might well—had Emilia been a shy breeder—have arranged the matter, and had a child resulted it would, however dusky, have been acclaimed as Iago's own. For the purpose of child-bearing in primitive societies is not to indulge the parental pride of individuals, but to perpetuate and strengthen family and tribe.

To make sure that no time is wasted, girls normally marry at puberty and have their first baby by the time they are about fifteen. The pace does not slacken throughout their child-bearing span. No woman, however favourless, normally is left infertile or unclaimed. If her husband dies she is taken over by one of his brothers or other relatives. Sometimes the children she bears are credited to him, bear his name and honour his spirit. Nor is any child-bearing woman normally withdrawn from circulation; no hieing to nunneries takes place, no engaging in professions such as nursing, teaching or typing which call for women to remain, if not celibate, at least childless for an important slice of their lives.

Wars, wild beasts, accidents, human sacrifices and other hazards normally destroy more men than childbirth demolishes women, so the female surplus is taken care of by the practice of polygamy. Rich men naturally accumulate the most wives. There was a famous octogenarian called the Fon of Bikom who lived in Cameroun with an establishment of one hundred wives. Wicked British colonialists were arraigned by the Russians for the economic slavery and sex-starvation of these matrons, and a United Nations Mission climbed to the top of a Camerounian mountain to interview the Fon. They were greeted with a young-wives' petition to be left alone, and by expressions of satisfaction with the existing state of affairs. African societies are seldom puritanical, and a good many blind eyes are turned to shapes flitting in and out of huts during the night. The Fon's wives were suitably prolific, no questions were asked and everyone, except perhaps the Russians, was satisfied.

But ripeness can be overdone, even among primitives; a balance has to be kept or the species will irrupt, like mice or locusts or lemmings, and overwhelm an always precarious food

ELSPETH HUXLEY, born 1907; brought up in Kenya; author of novels, whodunits, travel books, biography, and general writings mainly about, or set in, Africa: most recent, "The Flame Trees of Thika," autobiographical best-seller. Member of last year's Monckton Commission on the Central Africa Federation; also critic and broadcaster. Married into the Huxley clan.

supply. So parallel with the urge to multiply runs the contrary urge towards restriction. While one voice has cried "forward" another, at times equally strong, has cried, if not "back," at least "steady, girls, steady," and has suggested means of pruning families. Of these, infanticide was probably the commonest. Generally it followed certain fixed rules: all twins had to be destroyed, for instance, or all infants who cut their upper teeth before their lower ones. In parts of Madagascar all babies born on certain days of the week were dropped head-first into boiling water or buried in ant-heaps. Since three days out of seven counted as "unlucky" among certain tribes, this system must have almost halved the reproduction rate.

In ancient Greece and China it was normally the daughters who were eliminated. This, of course, acted as a powerful population-stabiliser; a surplus of males is of no reproductive account. But in many tribal societies daughters are as welcome as sons; not only do they till the soil, they bring in dowry, bride-price, lobola—there are many names for this payment of cattle, goats, blankets, hoes, beer or whatever to the family losing a valuable, productive asset by the family gaining one. Nowadays more and more families pay in cash, often so heavily burdening the young man with debt that the bribery and corruption deplored by everyone from displaced

British Commissioners to President Nkrumah become the only way out. For all this the custom does not seem to be losing its vitality and, by enhancing the value of daughters, turns the minds of fathers against ideas of limiting the family; for the bride-price received for daughters pays the bride-price disbursed for sons.

Next to infanticide abortion has been, and no doubt still is, the chief personal means of keeping down numbers. Herbalists and witch-doctors knew many remedies for unwanted pregnancies, and the history of contraceptives goes back to the 12th Egyptian dynasty, around 1850 BC, when instructions were recorded on papyrus to mix honey with crocodile dung. A subsequent papyrus prescribes acacia leaf-tips, which produce weak lactic acid, still used in European medicine. Later preventives seem less likely to have worked; Libyan ladies favoured infusions of gunpowder or foam from a camel's mouth; Dioscorides suggested a mixture of poplar bark with mule's kidney, certain Arab doctors believed that rubbing with a wolf's right testicle would calm the passions, and medieval medicos advised spitting three times in a frog's mouth or eating bees.

Babies are weaned very late in most primitive societies, often not until two, or even three, years old. It was common practice for a husband to regard his wife as sexually tabu

The Crowded World



"They may be primitive but by God they certainly know their fertility rites."

The Crowded World

"Good heavens, man, we've already got an overall density of twenty-four to the acre!"

while she had a child at the breast. This resulted in a gap of at least three years between pregnancies, a most effective way of spacing the young. Nowadays the rise of infant welfare is leading to much earlier weaning, and the decline of polygamy is undermining the tabu. So the principle of one-man-one-wife, now spreading all over the world, is leading not to fewer babies, but to more.

Natural disasters rather than the conscious acts of men and women have always been the principal population-pruners. And so when epidemics and diseases are checked, and periodic famines eliminated, millions of the people allowed by nature, as it were, for wastage, live out their span. In primitive societies anyone who falls ill consults the witch doctor, 90 per cent of whose remedies were probably magical and so ineffective. No doubt witch doctors did cure people sometimes, either with herbs or faith, but all their magic could not arrest smallpox, prevent plague, remove tumours or control malaria; only when people transferred their custom to doctors trained in Western medicine did the really spectacular population increases get under way. As to famines, their main cause is the inability of primitive systems of agriculture and storage to

cope with natural disasters like droughts and locust plagues. Shifting cultivation—a Mad Hatter's tea-party on the land—is the basis of most primitive farming and so long as this persists, so long are people threatened with periodic bouts of starvation which help to keep the population down.

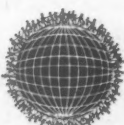
Two more anti-fruitful customs that are dead or dying must be mentioned here. The first is slavery, which for centuries curtailed the population of Asia and Africa; the other, human sacrifice. As a custom this was patchy; some scarcely practised it at all, among others it got out of hand. On the death of an Ashanti king, for instance, all his 3,333 wives were supposed to be sacrificed, and to mourn a famous Queen Mother the king provided 3,000 human victims, each town one hundred, and each village two; this "custom" was repeated once a week for three months. Some 70,000 people were said to have been sacrificed to dedicate the temple of Huitzilopochtli in 1486, and Cortes' companions counted the skulls of 136,000 victims in a single mausoleum.

From all this it is plain that primitive societies used many ways to keep down their numbers, ways which counteracted the natural urge to be fruitful and multiply. Now civilisation is

at once cutting down the wastage, and abolishing the anti-fruitful customs needed to stabilise numbers even in primitive conditions. And new motives altogether, political ones, have appeared to reinforce the fruitful side. Many leaders of newly independent countries, hungry for recognition and power, watch their soaring population figures with pride, in the belief that the more people there are, the louder will their voices ring in the ears of the world. They dismiss over-population warnings as examples of neo-colonialism.

So far as I know only one really powerful new influence has emerged to reinforce the side of population control, and that is the desire, amounting to a passion in some cases, for education. Governments of backward and impoverished countries are in the position of a man trying to catch a train that always pulls out of the station just as he arrives. By the time a five-year-plan to find places for ten thousand extra children has been realised, twenty thousand tots are at the door. The only reason I have heard advanced, at least by Africans, for limiting families is the difficulties of paying school fees. Such fees are only nominal—they can be as low as a shilling a term—but they mount up, and rise as the education grows higher.

A resolve to bring up fewer children into better citizens has activated most societies advancing from the primitive, where environment controls man, to the civilised, where man controls environment. To make sacrifices for one's children is a mark of human maturity. To expect others to do all the sacrificing would seem to be an admission of immaturity. Everyone agrees that the richer, industrialised nations must help to finance the development of backward ones. But must citizens of Western nations tax, stint and restrain themselves to educate not only their own spaced families, but the unrestricted



**FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS
TO THIS SERIES BY:**

Desmond Donnelly Alan Gemmell
Maurice O'Leary Mary Adams
Marghanita Laski Claud Cockburn

offspring of couples cheerfully content to breed *ad lib*? Loans are not given for agricultural development unless the lender is satisfied that the money will be sensibly invested. It would be no less reasonable to expect a sane, modern population policy from countries who accept loans or gifts for educational development.

Looked at from this angle, free education, an apparently progressive aim, would in fact become a backward and reactionary step, removing from the citizens their only real inducement to free themselves from bondage to an instinct inherited from a primitive past, and to accept full responsibility for their own families—to accept, in short, full human maturity. Ripeness is all—but is it, as in the past, to be ripeness merely of the gonads, or, as perhaps in the future, of the character and intellect?

The Crowded World



Interrupted Sales-Talk

AND then he said to me . . . he's such a tease . . .
 Yes? What d'you want? *A reel of cotton, please.*
 What colour? *Green.* He said "You're like Liz Taylor" . . .
 Yes, Marge, he did. Is this the shade? Or paler?

It must be my new bouffant. Large or small?
A small one please. He's like Rock Hudson . . . tall . . .
 A reel of white as well? Yes . . . *And he's got a car.*
 He really sends me. At the coffee-bar.

What, madam? Needles? Yes. And after, Marge,
 He took me to the Plaza. Small or large?
The fine ones please. I tell you, he's the most . . .
 Are these all right? . . . he's cooler than a ghost.

No, nothing else. D'you want them wrapped? *Yes, please.*
 And honest, Marge, he's such an awful tease . . .
 Says I'm exotic-looking. That's a shilling.
 Pay at the desk. I tell you, Marge, he's *thrilling* . . .

— FAITH COLLINS



"We brought you your speedo. It jammed dead on the ton!"

Safe Food Guide for the 'Sixties

By LESLIE MARSH

A FRIEND who has always fussed a lot over his food is now fussing rather more about fallout and since we have to eat together frequently I am having a difficult time.

Bread and milk were out, of course, long ago, but that was no great hardship. He had always thought bread a bit starchy and fattening and from the day some irreverent companion winked at him in church when they were singing "Fair waved the golden corn, In Canaan's pleasant land" and whispered "Chock-a-block strontium now, it's only 800 miles south of Russia" he decided that half a loaf was worse than no bread. As for milk, he knew it only in coffee and tea—he was never a pintaday man—and started taking these beverages *noir* or *à la Russe* until reminded that lemons were if anything more poisonous than wheat, growing

higher and nearer the clouds of nuclear overmatter. Even the basic coffee beans and tea leaves were to be treated with suspicion.

Meat soon came under the axe. Cows, sheep and pigs were visibly wolfing the iodine down, contemplatively chewing, daintily nibbling or greedily guzzling it with unconcealed gusto (a point in favour of animals; there's no archly refined attempt to hide their feelings about food.)

A desperate man will seek refuge in the flimsiest hidey-hole. My friend flew to fish, until warned that Khrushchev's trailing clouds of glory fall on land and sea alike. "You can spell *poisson* with one S now," some morbid thinker told him. Thoroughly rattled yet hunting hard for assurance, he asked my opinion and in all fairness I had to admit that many or most of

our second-course favourites come near enough to the surface to swallow any bait that's going, hook, line and strontium. "Denizens of the deep may be an overworked cliché," I pointed out, "but the deeper the safer, unquestionably. On a sparing diet of coelacanth, for example, you shouldn't go far wrong. Yes, I know, first catch your coelacanth, which Mrs. Beeton no more said than Marie Antoinette said that thing about cake. Not plentiful, agreed, but when you do get one it comes five foot long and weighs over a hundred pounds, which is quite a few fillets. But if you don't come across any for goodness sake stick to the demersal or bottom-feeding fish. These so-called pelagic fish that swim in the upper layers of the water—herring, mackerel, pilchards, sprats and so on—are simply asking for trouble."

He asked if I thought it worth examining the market possibilities of those queer fish that lurk in the perpetual darkness of the ocean depths, such as lanterns, lancets, or for that matter the eyeless ipnops. I thought he might have a point there but urged him not to fall into the elementary trap of regarding full fathom five as a submerged Plimsoll line of security; nearer two hundred fathoms would be the minimum depth at which the dreaded particles would suffer sea change for the better.

After hearing this my friend was taking no chances. He was for vegetarianism or the dark. Anything all a-blowing and a-growing was obviously flying in the face of Providence, but roots or tubers seemed to him to offer a cosy earthwork of defence, a shallow shelter in the time of radioactive storm. He made heavy play with this recent gossip about ware potato storage buildings with permanent thrust-resisting walls for which, he assured me, the Country Landowners Association was offering £450 in prize money. But his gardening experience was sketchy and I had to remind him of Nature's clumsy way of absorbing nourishment and nucleana through leaf and stem.

"Well then, what?" he asked, now too frightened to fret about verbs, one morning when the devil's dust was reported to be thicker than usual. He was ready to talk himself (but not me) into the theory that the nut inside the hard shell, the banana or orange inside

the tough peel, might be just what the radioactive doctor ordered. I had to come the old Nature's-way-not-man's-way stuff again: before the fruit, the flower. It was getting like a kindergarten botany lesson.

In the end, though, I brought him a pip of comfort. Supposing he sowed some very old pre-multi-megatonic tomato seed in very old greenhouse soil, the framework having been wreathed in strong polythene? Admittedly the plants would have to be watered, but clean water exists. You have only to bore a reasonable depth into the North or South Downs or any other chalk ridge, or, if you live in Derbyshire or Yorkshire or parts of Somerset, ask an obliging potholer to bring a few canfuls home, and purity

is yours. I especially recommend old stock in the reservoirs beneath those swallowholes, or as you may have heard them called more often in your local, *bêtoires*, *chaldrons du diable*, *marmites des géants*, or *katavothra*, in which rain is collected before it disappears into subterranean passages. Dwellers in arid, sandy areas must do the best they can with divining rods, taking care to burn the contaminated hazel twig after use.

To any frivolous objection that an exclusive diet of tomatoes may become monotonous I can only reply that what I have just said applies with equal force to cucumbers and gherkins. Anyhow even if you'd rather be dead than red wouldn't you sooner be fed than either?

BLACK MARK . . .

. . . for people in shops, box-offices, booking-offices and elsewhere who butt in with "Pardon?" before you've reached the heart of your matter. Granted, the fault may not be entirely theirs, but traceable to the pace of modern life, which admits no time for the polite preamble. All the same, to say to the box-office manager of a prospering theatre, "I wonder if by any chance you—" and get cut off sharply with that "Pardon?" is going to reduce all this kind of interchange to the blunt bare bones in time. Regrettably, we shall have to cut down to "Two stalls, Tuesday." And, like the man in front, who's contented himself with this brusque approach for years, we shall probably get them.



"I know it's a bit early, but in view of world tension we thought perhaps we'd better have it now."

Danger! Left-handed Meringues

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

I CAN'T remember when the scepto-scientist in me got a bigger lift than from last week's affair at Leighton Buzzard, when the electricity supply went into reverse and the manager of a clothing factory was surprised to see that "the vacuum pressing plant, instead of holding garments down, blew them into the air." Often when I tell friends of some comparable electrical experience of my own they simply turn away, thinking I'm making it up for a cheap laugh. Now perhaps they'll be sorry. The events at Leighton Buzzard are fully documented, if we can believe the *Guardian* [Why not?—Ed., *Guardian*], not even stopping short at an apology from the Board:

"The South Eastern Electricity Board yesterday apologized to consumers at Leighton Buzzard, Beds., because a technical error caused their electrical machinery to operate backwards."

So put that in your circuit and fuse it. Next time I come in with one of my

hard-luck stories about switching on the immersion heater and causing the tape-recorder to break into one of my special piano arrangements of *April in Paris* you may feel like giving me your attention.

As to the detailed mechanics of this clothing factory incident I confess to a bit of honest puzzlement. Among other installations to behave unconventionally were a lot of sewing-machines, which also, according to the manager, "worked backwards." I could have done with more particulars of this. Does it mean that when the needle should have been thrusting the thread through the material it was actually pulling it out? That, in fact, the needle was at the top of its travel when it should have been at the bottom? But surely it would have come down and done its job at the next spasm, so to speak? In which case I don't see that there was much harm done, except that at the end of the hem you'd get one extra stitch trying to bang itself through the base-plate. But I

suppose it's possible that the portion of the electricity used for actually shoving the garment under the needle was in fact expelling it from the machine altogether, and I can see that this would be irritating in time.

The truth is that I find the *image* of electricity travelling away from its destination difficult to conceive. I find any image of electricity difficult to conceive, though, if it comes to that. My mind's eye sees it as a pale blue elongated solid, mostly biding its time behind skirting-boards, quite cold and usually silent, though given to a faint whirring in clocks. And the logical part of me—putting aside altogether the eternal gnawing question of how the stuff works—the logical part of me, trying to take a rational view of the Leighton Buzzard incident, wants to know why machines should go backwards simply because the current does? It seems to me, in my plodding, flat-footed way, that electricity going backwards wouldn't get into your pressing-plant at all; it would keep rushing back



"I've done this personality quiz—you don't tot up to much."



"She's getting along as well as can be expected, sir."

into its generator, or whatever it is, and keep on piling up until something gave. Power-stations, Battersea particularly, have that sort of determined, held-in look. Nevertheless, the experts, you see, don't take this view at all. When their electricity goes backwards, according to them, what naturally happens? Your vacuum cleaners spout crumbs, old peas and carpet fluff. Torches shine their beams up your sleeve from the solid end. You turn on your Light Programme at 6.30 a.m. and you get the five minutes to midnight news bulletin beginning (well, ending, actually), "Goodnight. To-day for broadcasting of end the to us brings that and." Switch on for *Panorama*, there's Dimbleby trailing his cable backwards through the window of the world.

I said at the beginning that the strange occurrences at Leighton Buzzard had done wonders for my layman's morale. I admit now that this is a selfish and small-minded attitude, only

adopted in the first flush of gratification at learning that the scientists don't understand electricity any more than I do. I've always held this to be true, and it takes a stronger character than mine to resist a glow on being proved right. Experts, schmexperts, I have so often remarked. As a matter of fact, a schmexpert friend of mine, a Mr. Turner, who has been known to stand up before the TV cameras and tell farmers how to keep their electrically-milked cows from sparking at the tail, was called in last year to get my Christmas tree fairylights working and solved it in the end by lending me an old set of his own. So where are we, the laymen? I suppose you realise we're entirely in the hands of these chaps who're supposed to know why electricity goes backwards, and how to stop it? And I'm not thinking now of a simple matter of garments at Leighton Buzzard being blown up instead of sucked down. What of, for instance, the railway

system? Have any emergency plans been laid to deal with a situation at, say, Victoria station, when the guard on the 8.45 to Hastings gives the old right away and the train moves smoothly backwards through Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's bookstall and the fruit kiosk, across the bus assembly point into Overton's Fish Restaurant? I should like to think so, but I doubt it.

On the even larger issues I hardly care to dwell. I have made the point before, admittedly only in saloon bar conversation, where rational thinking tends to get obscured by mere bonhomie and vulgar wranglings about who's paying, that our entire defence system is based on electricity. A failure at Fylingdales, and where's your early warning? Press a red alert button somewhere under Whitehall, and if someone's got his foot on the main transmission line it won't mean a thing. It seems to me that Fred Hoyle and all that lot would do better to stop worrying

about world destruction by automative intelligences from outer space, and keep an eye open for any hint that the enemies of the West, who shall be nameless, have perfected a simple neutralising ray. From jamming the BBC to jamming Battersea can't be much of a jump, when you come to think of it.

And these were theories I advanced long before Leighton Buzzard. With the potentialities of reversed electricity, at present only exemplified through

pressing plants and sewing machines, they need closer examination than ever. An enemy who can turn your electricity round is going to sit back, laughing helplessly, at about the time you press the button that releases a battery of corporal missiles backwards, into the ground immediately under GHQ. In fact, if I had any say in it, I'd recommend to Mr. Watkinson that our whole defence system is rejigged to use gas... Just a minute, though. What am I saying?

Next Wednesday's Punch

EVOE

discovers a new sport

☆

HEWISON

decorates the dedicated novelist

☆

SUSAN CHITTY

goes hunting

A Psychodietetic Episode

By PETER DICKINSON

Dr. Giorgio Lolli, president of the International Centre for Psychodietetics... suggested... that critics of cocktail parties might well look "at the many marriages which may well have been saved by this ceremony, the fights which may have been averted and the business decisions which may have been clarified."
—Daily Telegraph.

PRESSURE of guests—mostly visualisers, creative directors and such with girls wearing upswept hair in shades of modified off-blond—squeezed me into a nook between a tallboy sort of thing and the stairs. (I say "sort of thing" advisedly, as I am sure it wasn't a tallboy but probably housed a miracle of electronics which could make *Tannhäuser* sound as if it were coming from inside your skull.) There were already four people in the nook, two large men, one small man and a cruiserweight blonde, but even so it

might have been a haven, except that it was obvious that the two large men were on the verge of fighting over the blonde.

Had they been even moderately tight they would certainly have fought, but luckily our host had averted this with the drink he had provided. It came out of a jug. I cannot describe it, but it was not what one would have chosen, supposing one had been offered a choice.

I knew none of the four, but as I nudged into the circle the blonde turned to me and said "The question is shall I run off with Trevor or shall I stick to Gavin? After all he is my husband."

She must have known, intuitively, that it would get worse before it got better and decided that the best thing to do was to speed the process up. I

said "How d'ye do?" to Gavin and Trevor and they said "How d'ye do?" to me. The little man nodded enthusiastically. He had soft brown eyes like a bunny in a children's book and seemed to be enjoying himself. I nodded back, guardedly.

"Well?" said the blonde.

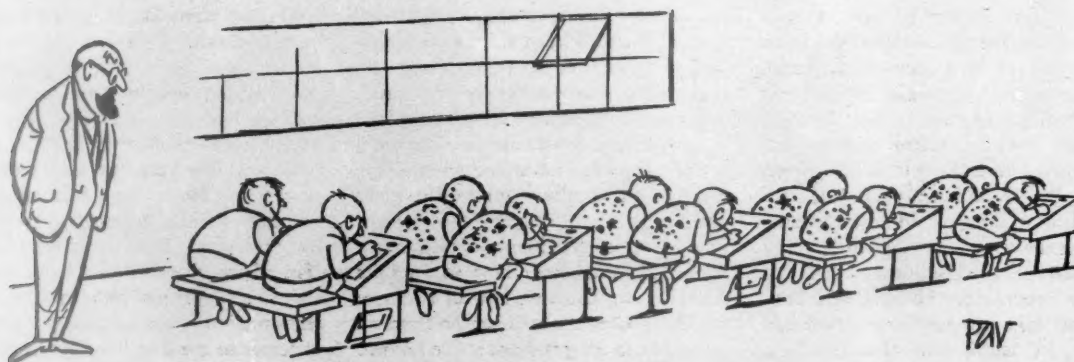
"Are they both insured for this sort of thing?" I asked.

"What sort of thing?"

"This, of course," said Trevor. I realised that he had got hold of the wrong end of the stick when he managed to free an arm and gesture between the banisters at the screeching mess of people. Gavin took him up.

"It's fantastic," he said, "in this day and age."

"You'd think," said the blonde, "that they'd get somebody to do it for them."



"Not a hope," said Gavin. "People who do it for you have in their mind's eye an ideal binge which isn't at all what you and I've got, duckie. They see a party as an enormous room, all chandeliers and parquet, with about two dozen people in tiaras and stiff shirts—they're all going on somewhere of course—standing round munching little bits of second-hand smoked salmon embalmed in aspic."

"Wrong image, that's what," said Trevor.

"And it's going on in half the boroughs in London," said Gavin. "At this very moment."

"Do you know," they both said together, "I believe there's an opening here."

Time passed, I cannot tell you how slowly, while the two of them excitedly discussed getting out from the talent-rotting milieus of their respective agencies and setting up a small firm of caterers who would specialise in giving intimate parties for people who had no talent for intimacy. Of course they were not proposing to do a great deal of the work themselves, beyond thinking up a few compelling slogans like "INVEST IN INSTANT GALETY." They'd have a professional to see to the details while they got on with their novels about the gradual corruption by big business of a scholarship boy from Slough (Gavin) and Harrogate (Trevor).

At last the blonde broke into the conversation with the quick determination of a suffragette kicking a policeman on the shin.

"Let's go," she said. To Gavin.

"Oh, I say," said Trevor. "We haven't..."

"Sorry, darling," said the blonde. "I simply haven't got flying speed. Not to-night."

"But look, old chap," said Gavin. "This is too good an idea to throw down the sink. I'll give you a tinkle to-morrow and we'll lunch over it."

"Fine," said Trevor.

They started to edge across the room. The crowd was thinner now, as not all the guests had been fossilised into a corner like us, but had managed to make get-aways. The bunny-eyed man smiled at me happily.

"One fight averted, one business decision clarified and one marriage saved," he said. "Dr. Lolli will be pleased."



"Dammit, honey, we'll just have to dig the shelter some place else!"

Life

GRANT that her methods are cumbrous beyond bemoan
Yet from her fumbblings emerged the correct solution,
The intricate chemistry of kidney, retinal rod and cone.
Speed up her time-scale and look! clean as a cantaloup
Out of primordial mud steps the dapper antelope.

Concede that her ultimate ends are grotesque in their crudity—
The antelope's spine is adroitly split by the lion,
The caterpillar endures unavenged the ichneumon's perfidy
And discord in man is resolved into neatly symmetrical
Bullet-holes in the skull and the knifed ventricle.

Yet of all possibles hers is the elected actual,
Its sordidness hallowed by the pure fact of being,
And to-day she assumes on the throne of her threatened sanctuary
Where the mad acolyte swings his lethal thurible
A loveliness haunting, autumnal, O hardly endurable.

— E. V. MILNER

The Teenager



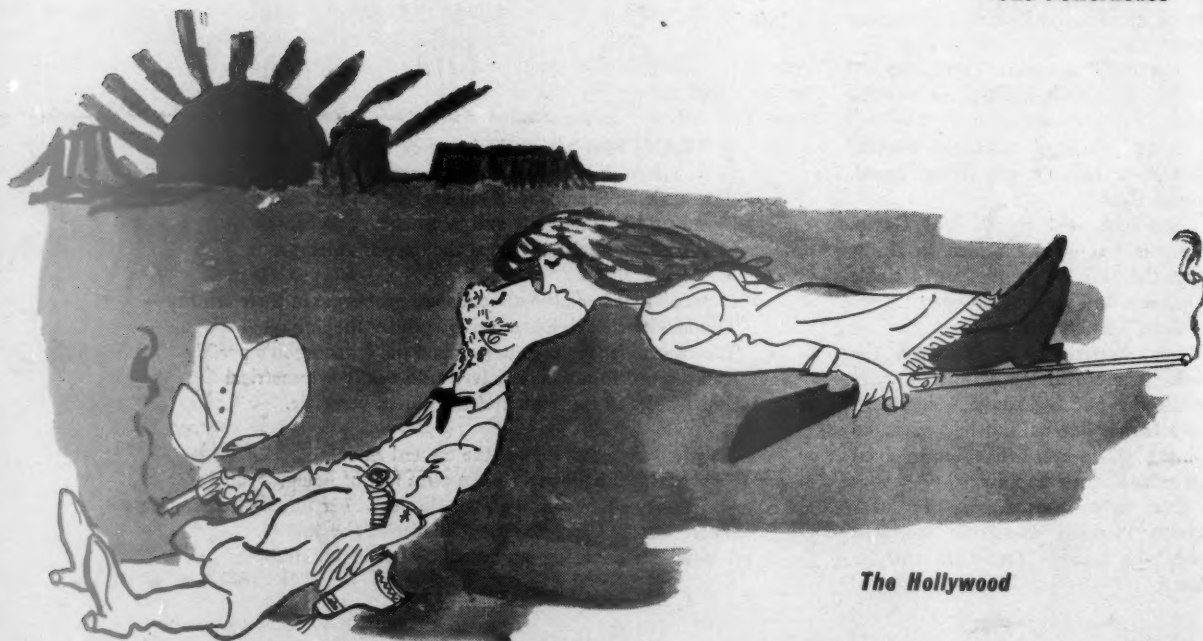
The Kiss

by ffolkes

The Victorian



The Powerhouse



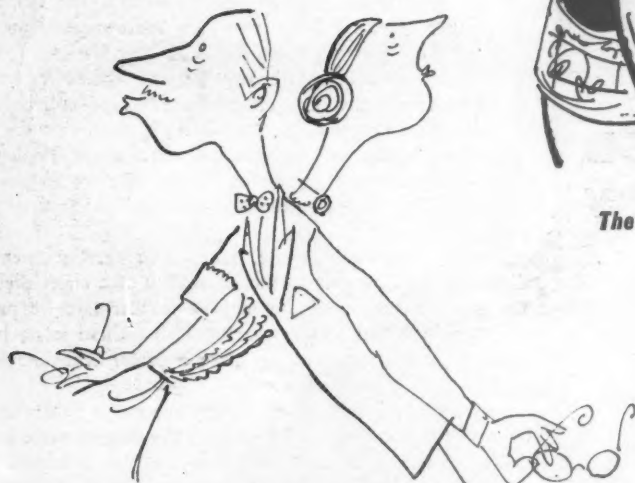
The Hollywood



**The Bronx
(or The
Suppliant)**



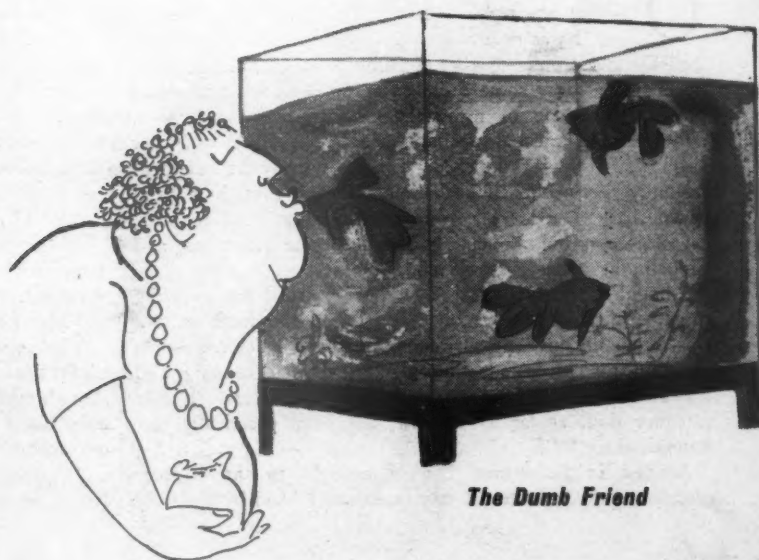
**The You-ruined-my-younger-sister-and-broke-my-
mother's-heart**



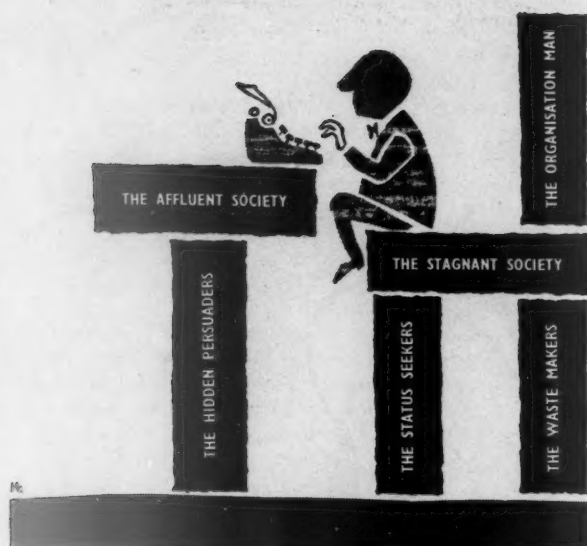
The Short-sighted



The Khrushchev



The Dumb Friend



THE CATEGORISED SOCIETY

H. F. ELLIS continues to find sections of the human honeycomb hitherto unlabelled

5 The Weird Sisters

ONE of the fascinations of putting people into categories is that one never knows when a new one will crop up. I was on my way to Sometown I remember, to investigate a promising knot of Rubbish Keepers reported to be hoarding away some quite exceptionally useless bits and pieces, when one of my assistants happened to remark, apropos of a mutual acquaintance, "She lives with her sister, you know," and a stranger in our railway compartment instantly threw himself back in his corner, brought a hand down sharply on his knee and cried "Long, trailing skirts, bit of lace round the neck with whalebone insertions, and probably keep cats. Don't tell me!"

Though we both affected not to have heard, I was inwardly much excited, having at once recognised the truth behind this rather unconventional interruption, and I determined to abandon my projected inquiry into rubbish keeping and instead to make a thorough study of weird sisters. It is a category that, as far as I know, has been practically untouched since 1606.

Arrived in Sometown I went straight to the Rector, established my right to ask any questions I liked by showing

him my card with "Applied Sociology" in the bottom left-hand corner, and opened my campaign with a brisk "Have you any weird sisters in this town?"

He said No, they lived in Worthing.

I explained that my question was general rather than personal and he then suggested that I might do worse than call on the Misses X—, the Misses Y— and the Misses Z—. Miss Amelia Z—, he believed, would particularly interest me.

"Amelia!" I said. "Excellent!"

"These of course are all maiden ladies," he said, warming to his subject as clergymen do. "Should you wish to canvass sisters living together, one or both of whom has been, or still technically is, in the married state—whether widowed, divorced or separated—"

"All is grist," I assured him, "that comes to the sociologist's mill."

"Then I should certainly recommend a visit to Mrs. A— and Miss O—, and perhaps, if you are fond of parrots, Mrs. B— and Miss R—. Ordinarily I would add Mrs. K—, who always registers her postcards, but her sister, the rather eccentric Mrs. N—, is unfortunately away on one of her pilgrimages. Miss Caroline O—, I ought perhaps to warn you, keeps her button boots in the refrigerator."

"You have really been extraordinarily kind and helpful," I said, rubbing my hands. "I believe I may be on the track of revelations that will quite eclipse the work of Topliss and Sugden in America on aunts. It is only by a thorough understanding of the nature and needs of our society in all its aspects—"

"Quite, quite, quite, quite, quite," he agreed, momentarily diverting my thoughts to the possibility of a short piece on the Bird Mimics, and after a little further talk we parted. Once again I had had ample proof that there is no better starting point for an inquiry than a pastor who knows his flock.

Rose Villa stands by itself at the corner of a field, guarded by a white wicket-gate. I strode up the flagged path, jotting down "Sweet Williams either side" in my notebook, and was admiring the number "1" done in poker work above the Lincoln Imp knocker when the door was abruptly opened by a tall woman in an extremely long grey cardigan who said "My sister lives at Number Two" and shut it again. Instinct, which develops rapidly in my profession, led me round the corner of the house to a side door with the number "2" on it, done I think by the same hand. I was about to knock, when the bronze castle with "Lewes" below it was withdrawn from my outstretched fingers and the tall woman confronted me again.

"Yes?" she said.

"What do they want, Agnes?" called a voice from the interior which, though high, was not as querulous as I had expected. None the less I acted immediately upon my cue.

"May I have a word with the elder Miss X—?" I asked.

The question was not lightly phrased. Sociological platitudes must always rest on a factual foundation, and though everyone knows that in nine cases out of ten it is the elder sister who calls out to know what they want, statistics are lacking. It was my task to get them.

"Certainly not," said Miss Agnes, shutting the door of No. 2 in my face. There being no No. 3, I put a tick

against Rose Villa and went in search of the Misses Y—.

These proved to be of the brisk bobbed-haired type, with a tendency to say "My God, no!" and to be perpetually grinding out the stubs of cork-tipped cigarettes in heavy glass bowls. "Come in, man, come in," one of them cried (I did not attempt to determine which, for there is no "elder" in this sort of household: sociologically the sisters were twins), while the other, with a gay "See to the milk, Millie!" swept a boxer* off the sofa and turned the radio so low that I could hardly make out what Mrs. Maggs was saying to Monument. During coffee and a quick look round the house I made a note of the following distinctive modes and characteristics likely to build up, as my inquiry progressed, into usable "percentage data"†.

Redouté flower prints.

More pairs of gumboots in the hall than there were sisters.

*The dog. I noted no sexual irregularity in any of the houses visited.

†i.e. information presented in the form "35 per cent of all Weird Sisters have coal tar soap in the bathroom."

Reference to local personalities by titles, abbreviations or soubriquets rather than names, e.g. "the Colonel," "Mrs. G.", "old dot-and-carry."

Secateurs everywhere.

Clearly defined rights in stories and gossip. "Sorry, Millie, go ahead. This is yours." But note, as against this, an inclination to hit the fire tremendous cracks with the poker while the other was speaking.

Old-fashioned typewriter with black mackintosh cover on top of square revolving bookcase in dining room may be without significance. But why no ponies on mantelpiece among enlarged snaps of Millie and Dorothy in front of Sphinx, temple at Paestum, etc?

No parrots or cats. Note for milkman *not* skewered to backdoor with hatpin or oriental dagger. No eccentricities in dress, unless garden trowel stuck in hip pocket of corduroys could be so described. Increasing doubt whether the Misses Y— rate as genuine weird sisters. Rector perhaps biased through hearing himself repeatedly called "His Riverence" by Millie.



"Mind you—I'm not saying there aren't a few I'd sooner see dead than red."



Note, on the other hand, Dorothy's curious use of Chesterton's "Sunder me from my bones, O sword of God" as an expletive after spilling coffee over an elephant's-foot pouffe.

I had been looking forward to my meeting with Miss Amelia Z—, so that it was a disappointment to find a note pinned to the front door with a hat-pin "Don't ring if I'm out, as my sister won't hear. Leave it under the mat. A.Z." But a sociologist must expect set-backs now and again, and I made the best of a bad job by writing out a brief questionnaire—

How many cats have you?

Do either you or your sister wear whalebone

(a) at the neck?

(b) elsewhere?

When did you last strike a carter with your handbag for shouting at his horse?

—and so on: just a few preliminary inquiries to lay a foundation upon which I hoped to build later. This I left under the mat, with a request that her replies be sent to the Rector, in whom I felt that a maiden lady of Miss Amelia's type would have more confidence than in a stranger.

With Miss Caroline O—, as is often the way after a disappointment, I struck oil. The nervous way in which she half opened the door showed me at once that a brusque, positive approach was likely to terrorise her into any number of admissions. I accordingly went straight into the attack with a demand to see her refrigerator.

"Oh, my goodness," she said. "I wasn't expecting—. I'm not sure that my sister, Mrs. A—.

"You'd better come in," she went on, after I had finished making a rough sketch of her extraordinary mittens, which

had bobbles on them of a kind I have not seen recorded on either side of the Atlantic. "I only wish my sister were—"

By the time we reached the large old-fashioned kitchen I had written her down as a submissive-twitchy, with dominant married sister, and felt that I had little more to learn except whether it was character or money that weighed down the scales*, but a surprise awaited me when the refrigerator was opened. There was nothing in it but milk, bacon, sliced ham, four fish fingers, a dozen eggs, grapefruit juice, butter, a basin of gravy and some lettuce leaves in a plastic bag.

"Now I should like to see your button boots, if you please," I said sternly.

For a time she tried desperately to head me off, but a man who in his time has ferreted out the comparative incomes of Wesleyan grocers and professional mediums is not likely to be outwitted by a submissive sister. Within three minutes I was dragging the boots from a cupboard under the stairs. They were icy cold!

"I think it is time I had a word with Mrs. A—," I said.

A threat of this kind will generally force an explanation of even the oddest behaviour patterns, but Miss O— showed no alarm.

"Oh, but you can't," she said. "My sister is away—on a pilgrimage, you know."

"Mrs. A— is on a pilgrimage?" I cried. "My information is that it is Mrs. N— who . . ."

"They went together, naturally," Miss O— told me calmly.

My head was in a whirl. Here was something new indeed, and utterly unsuspected. The married halves of two weird sisterhoods pairing off for a pilgrimage, when the whole essence of weird sisterdom, as hitherto understood, was that they kept themselves to themselves, presenting a common front of oddity to the world!

After this, Miss R—'s eleven parrots came as something of an anticlimax.

My notes, at the end of a long day, presented a disjointed appearance, with little indication of reliable trends or uniform characteristics. This was not abnormal, so early in an investigation. It is numbers that tell. When I had made another two or three thousand calls, the patterns would begin to emerge, the sub-groups of sisters with their distinctive modes would take shape. Patience and pertinacity would win through in the end. The abiding satisfaction of sociology lies in just this fact, that if only enough people are investigated some of them will always be found to be doing the same sort of things in more or less the same sort of way.

*Occasionally it is a kind of blackmail, based on the use of a bad word by the unmarried one fifty years ago. But I hardly expected to have the luck to unearth a scandal of that kind in Sometown.

Next week: The Ultimate Categorisers

☆

"Certainly, the British industry is here in force, with 13 manufacturers showing their latest products—more than any other with 13 manufacturers showing their latest products—more than any other the British industry is here in force.

For some of these the task is easier, the British industry is here in force, with 13 manufacturers showing their latest products—more than any other."—*The Guardian*
We're with you so far.

A Lesson for Locksmiths

By E. S. TURNER

MAY we hope soon to see a revival of the great lock-picking contests of last century? The master locksmiths of Greater London, who in latter times have been more secretive than conjurers, recently held a public display of their wares. One of them said that "with the establishment of the Common Market we shall have competition from all sorts of Continental security locks and devices."

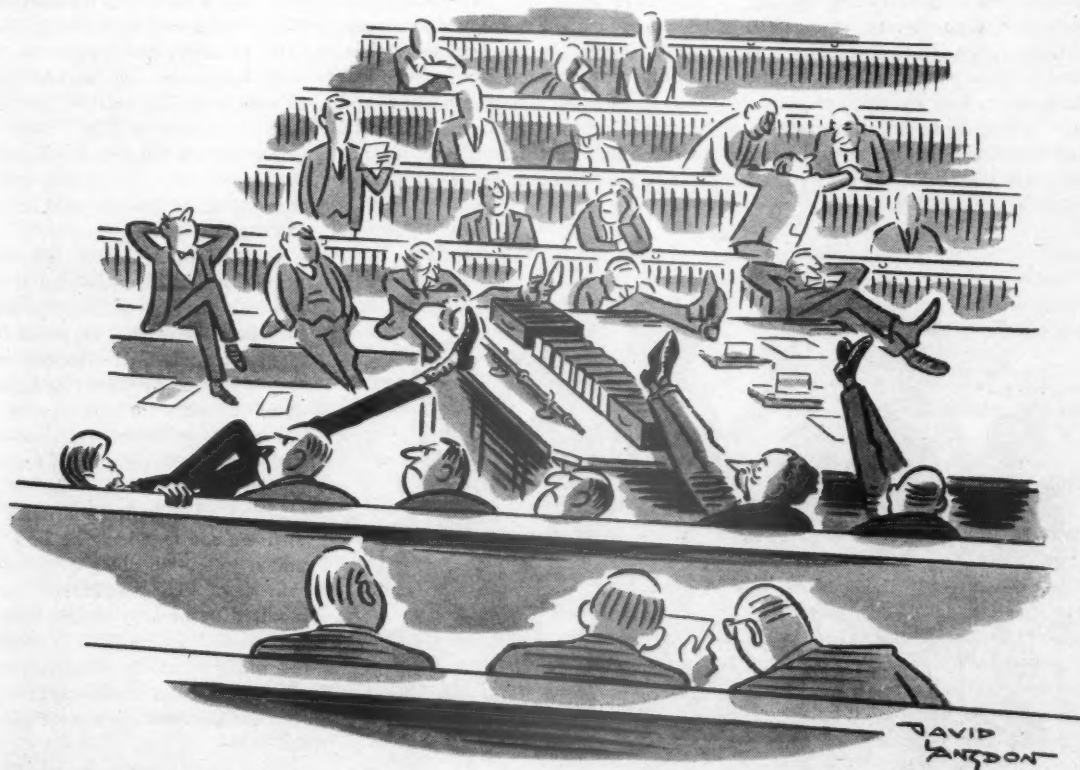
It will be fun if the Common Market throws up a man like Alfred Charles Hobbs, the American who came to Britain in 1851 and, with a view to selling his own locks, publicly picked those of the leading British manufacturers, using a tentative method which had been described, though not advocated, by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* for at least twenty years.

In America lock-picking had been raised to a science. The man who believed he had made a better lock than his neighbour backed his faith by putting a sum of money in a box and inviting anyone who could pick the lock to keep the contents. Directors of banks and strong-rooms sometimes issued open challenges and tried to smile as contestants force-pumped hot glue-and-molasses into their keyholes. In 1841 two American manufacturers, Dr. Andrews and Mr. Newell, set out to pick each other's locks; Newell opened his rival's and then, elated by success, proceeded to pick his own.

In Britain, or at all events in Wolverhampton, the manufacturer who found he could pick his rival's lock kept quiet about it, in what he conceived to be the general interest of the trade. The

makers of the more expensive products took refuge behind mathematical defences. There were locks which, tackled by the method of ringing the changes, could have held out for 2,250,000 years and this was thought to afford a reasonable margin of safety. But these same locks were not proof against picking by pressure, or the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* method; that is by pressing the bolt and feeling for the tell-tale resistances offered by the tumblers.

Alfred Charles Hobbs seized on this weakness. In 1851 he sent a challenge to the firm of Chubb but received no encouragement. He then announced that he would pick a Chubb lock used to secure a strong-room of the South-Eastern Railway in Westminster and that a panel of gentlemen would be



"I say, Grimond, do you mind . . ."

appointed to see fair play. Hobbs opened the lock in twenty-five minutes, closing it again in seven. The firm of Chubb hastily explained that this lock did not contain the latest safeguards.

Hobbs then accepted the long-standing challenge of the house of Bramah, lockmakers to the royal family and Newgate jail. In the firm's window in Piccadilly was an eighteen-slide permutation lock with a notice: "The artist who can make an instrument that will pick or open this lock will receive two hundred guineas the moment it is produced." It had not been opened, even by its makers, for thirty-four years. About the time of Waterloo there had been something of a flutter when an advertiser in the press counselled persons who had lost the keys to their Bramah locks not to break open their desks but to enlist his aid with a picklock. This had resulted in the hurried addition of false notches to the slides of Bramah locks.

The firm had not seriously expected anyone to accept its challenge and would have preferred to put a more up-to-date lock at Hobbs's disposal, but it could not, with dignity, change the conditions. On June 2 Hobbs was allowed to take a wax impression, by way of the keyhole, with a view to preparing tools. On July 24 he began operations, having stipulated that he should work without witnesses. As the days passed

and public interest mounted, the firm of Bramah grew restless. They wrote repeatedly to the arbitrators seeking to exercise their right to insert the key at any time to test whether the lock had been damaged, but the arbitrators refused their request. On August 23 Hobbs called in the interested parties and showed them the opened lock. Bramah now demanded to have the key inserted but the arbitrators gave Hobbs twenty-four hours to put the lock in order, if necessary; and the key was found to work. It had taken the American fifty-one hours, spread over sixteen working days, to lower the British flag.

The firm of Bramah complained that Hobbs had not complied with the spirit of the challenge. He had mounted the lock on wood, to which special apparatus had been fixed; he had employed a thumbscrew, a stiletto, a species of crochet hook, "a trunk of tools" and "a powerful reflector" (a twopenny looking-glass, said Hobbs). Many of the slides in the lock appeared to have been bent or filed. However, the arbitrators ruled that the reward had been fairly earned and it was paid over.

The Times, in a leading article, heartily congratulated Hobbs, who was "by far the most accomplished and successful performer" in his field. His "wholesome filial lesson" would not be lost on our manufacturers; though

it had to be conceded that a lock which could withstand such an expert for sixteen days was a subject for pride. *The Bankers' Magazine* concurred, pointing out that thieves could scarcely expect to enjoy the same facilities.

The firm of Bramah now put an improved lock, with steel slides, in its window and repeated its challenge, explaining that it did so not in a vain boasting spirit but as a new step in its quest for the perfect lock. After four months Hobbs had not risen to the challenge and the lock was removed from the window "to stop the idle applications of men and boys which took up one person's time to attend to." Inevitably not everyone believed this explanation.

Hobbs, meanwhile, had offered two hundred guineas to anyone who could open his new "parautoptic unpickable" lock and the *Observer* was very anxious that someone should "turn brother Jonathan's flank." Many tried unsuccessfully. Then in 1852 the Society of Arts offered a prize for a good cheap lock, secure against fraudulent attempts. The award went to a blacksmith called Saxby for a lock that Hobbs picked in three minutes, which made the Society look nearly as silly as the panel of experts who had advised it. At this stage the editor of *The Times*, tired of publishing the boasts of locksmiths in his correspondence columns, announced that any other letters would be inserted as advertisements.

In 1854 John Goater, foreman of a firm of locksmiths, announced that he had picked several of Hobbs's locks. He had been reluctant to announce the fact, but realised the method was so simple that many would be sure to hit upon it; thus it was in the public interest to speak out. He was not the sort of man to pick locks for money. Hobbs retorted that the locks in question were from an inferior range, with a fault to which he had already drawn attention before a specialist gathering. He would still pay two hundred guineas to anyone who could open his "unpickable" variety; and fifty of his workmen collectively wagered £50 that Goater could never succeed. In those days workmen were nothing if not loyal.

That year brother Jonathan's flank was indeed turned, but not by Goater. Edwin Cotterill, of Birmingham, offered



Hobbs fifty guineas if he could pick his Patent Climax Detector Lock in twenty-four consecutive hours. Hobbs accepted, he said, only to stop Cotterill from advertising his lock as one that he had shrunk from attempting. A *Manchester Guardian* man was on the panel of arbitrators and the lock-picking correspondent of that newspaper described Hobbs's main picklock as "the most ingenious we ever saw, consisting of a series of radiating iron needles or wires, with screw ends." Hobbs began operations at 11.5 a.m., using this tool and the usual files and smoked blanks. Towards 10 p.m. his ingenious picklock broke. At 12.30 he went to bed and resumed operations at 4.26 a.m. At 7.45 he breakfasted and rested further, starting again at 9.20. Near the end of the twenty-four hours he announced: "The lock's yours. I give it up." Later he said: "I really think it is a very pretty arrangement... a man might work a lifetime and nothing would come of it." The greatest good feeling prevailed, according to the *Guardian*. It quoted Cotterill as expressing the hope that in these contests every man would try to rise higher and not to drag others down to a low level.

These words were lost on Goater who, that same year, boasted that he could pick a Parnell and Puckridge lock displayed with a two hundred guineas challenge at the Crystal Palace. The firm found that the high-minded Goater had been secretly working on the lock, which contained bits of wax, and offered him another one. When Goater lost his temper they sued him for slander and won, but not before Goater, with the aid of smoked blanks, had shown the jury how to open a simple till lock in six minutes.

A by-product of these contests, which undoubtedly improved the design of locks, was a rumour that convicts could qualify for free pardons and rewards of £100 by successfully picking difficult locks; but criminals have rarely shown any real talent for lock-picking. No one, incidentally, seems to have tried to pick Peirce's patent lock which, on any attempt at tampering, projected a sharp steel punch and branded a letter on the hand of the operator. The inventor was the first victim.

P.S. Has anyone read up locks in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* lately?



Round Ravioli's

ALAN HACKNEY studies world economics in the caff's

"I'M sorry about this door handle, Jack," said the roofing-felt man, waving it in a slow, melancholy arc. "Only it did say Pull."

Jack took it glumly.

"Good job it didn't say Tear Off And Post In a Stamped Envelope," he said. "Anything to oblige, that's you."

"Don't be like that, mate," pleaded the roofing-felt man. "I come and told you, didn't I?"

"Getting a proper Accident Black Spot, this place," observed Jack. "Thursday we 'ad the lights go, Satdy it was that cat."

"Got one now, have you?" asked the roofing-felt man. "Only you always said you wasn't a Great Cat Lover."

"I don't know who owns it," said Jack. "All I know is, he saved 'imself a bit of money Satdy. Four chops it got 'old of. Gutsy devil."

"Still, they can play you up, cats," said the roofing-felt man. "Funny feeders. A bit picky. You'd reckon with all the stuff on the market it'd be a doddle, but no. When it comes down

to it, they got their own ideas, never mind what it says on the television."

They both lapsed into silences tinged with faint resentments.

"Satdy I was down the football," announced the roofing-felt man. "Slow, they are, *slow*. That forward line! What a load of rubbish." He shook his head grimly for some time.

"Where you working, then?" asked Jack. "Those garridges over the back across the way up the top, or lower down?"

"No, finished those," said the roofing man. "This week it's the lot facing them, back to back. You come out the other side."

"Bit funny this weather," said Jack.

"Rain's started up again."

"Les'll be over then, I expect," said the roofing man. "Long as 'e can get that six-befve sheet laid over."

There was some audible evidence of difficulties at the door and a second roofing man appeared.

"All right then, Les?" called the already-installed roofing man comfort-



ably. "Get the sheet over all right?" Les came in with a somewhat testy air.

"I reckon you know just the right minute to fall out," he said. "Morning, Jack, run out of doorandles, have you?"

"Ask Jimmo," said Jack. "He's the demolition expert. Cheese, ham or paste?"

"Jimmo, was it?" said Les. "Well, one time I'da thought Clumsy As Per Usual, only it seems now we got to rely on Jimmo or we get industrial stagnation. Cheese, I spose; can't be helped."

"What are you on about, stagnation?" asked Jimmo. "All I done was have this handle come adrift."

"No, it's right," asserted Les. "You ought to go about encouraging more people to be the same, nob. Get a few blokes like you just standing about, then no time at all you got a wide open market in replacement parts. Does yer 'eart good?"

"Very comic," said Jimmo sourly. "I spose you reckon it's all right to go about smashing stuff up if you fancy it, doesn't matter who it belongs to."

"Your trouble is you don't read the papers," said Les, waving his cheese sandwich about in a lofty fashion.

"Waste not want not," said Jimmo pointedly, as a large fraction of the cheese fell to the floor.

"—," said Les. "Still, really, I shouldn't've said that."

"Not as loud as that anyway," said Jack, with a nervous glance towards the back of the shop.

"No, I mean, according to this paper, people don't chuck things away soon enough. Never 'ave done. It said if we don't change our ideas about it we'll all

be up the spout. That's why you ought to encourage blokes like Jimmo."

"Not when 'e goes and pulls doorandles off I'm not," said Jack firmly. "I bet 'e doesn't do it atome."

"Yer, but that's what 'e ought to," persisted Les. "They've reckoned it out we got to junk stuff twice as fast as we been doing, and buy a new lot, otherwise we'll never keep up with the Western Germans. That's why I say—Send For Jimmo."

"I don't know why you make out it's always *me* breaks things," said Jimmo, irritably. "Owbout when you 'ad that balustrading come away in Bloomsbury?"

"I see you leanin' on it earlier on; that's good enough for me, mate," said Les, imperturbably. "No, they reckon it out we're all going to come to a standstill. There's only a few blokes like Jimmo workin' on it so far."

"Sounds like a lot of old madam," said Jack. "Why'd they make everything outa plastic, then? You can't hardly try to bust it nowadays. What 'appens when you got the 'ole world stuffed full of indestructible polythene?"

"There you are, then," said Les. "That's what I say—no co-ordination. Few years, when everyone's got all they want they'll be begging you to buy stuff they can't get rid of, and the cheaper they got to sell it, the more they'll 'ave to make to get any profit."

Jack and Jimmo frowned reflectively until Les had crammed in the last corners of his sandwich and looked from one to the other, chewing triumphantly.

Jimmo was the first to crack under the strain.

"Why don't you go and tell 'em before it's too late?" he demanded in a nettled tone. "Steadof 'angin' about here, gettin' on our wicks?"

"It's not up to me, nob," Les assured him cheerily. He got up, hitched his trousers, and imparted a strong vibratory motion to them which set the crumbs afurry. "It is up!" he cried in the tones of a comic impersonating a statesman, "To all of us! For never! Have so few things! Been pitched out by so many!"

The other two regarded him evenly.

"I tell you what though, Jimmo," said Jack after a moment. "Praps 'e ought to run down the Wanderers and tell 'em that. Might get rid of that forward line for you, eh?"

Whatever became of . . .

... that popular publicist, the once ever-present Ernie Marples? Time was when no news-cast was complete without sight of his sparrow-sharp sprightliness on a diet, a bicycle, a postman's round or the best spot of the day for personal publicity. Where the TV camera zoomed, there lurked Ernest. . . Why has he hidden his public face? Why do we only see him these days just before Bank Holidays when he takes the sacks off his 50 mph signs? . . . Did he get in the light of Super-Mac? Was he told to pull a bushel over his lamp for a bit and let the Prime Minister's blood-relations have a chance at the telly?

— P. R.

Prep-School Dumb Chums

By RICHARD USBORNE

AS Biology wasn't a required subject for Schools or Common Entrance to Public Schools it was ignored in our curriculum. I went up for my scholarship at the age of thirteen knowing off-pat the seven occasions in the Bible when someone had said "I have sinned," and the six different Greek words the single long-e (eta) could make, depending on accent, breathing and iota subscript. But I didn't know how babies happened, and, if I'd been questioned in a *viva* on any of four animal subjects that were freely discussed by the boys of my time, the information which I would have confidently given would probably have decided the examiners to recommend my mother to take me to a good alienist. I refer to the Potted Meat Horse, the lady founder's dog, Bootie's Jerusalem bees and the hare-cat.

The school playing fields were tended by a groundsman called Charlie, a wizened little man whose days seemed to be spent behind a large mowing machine pulled by a large and docile horse. This horse had a bit of a wobble in its gait and a large scar on the otherwise billowy portions of its left back leg. It was called the Potted Meat Horse, and these three facts were linked in a (to me) quite plausible, if sad, explanation. I was told that when First World War rationing was at its most acute, the authorities had decided that the horse must do its bit. So, under a local anaesthetic, the vet had taken a large slice of good meat from where the horse would least miss it, and this meat had been mixed with potato and preservatives and processed into a vast reserve supply of potted meat. This was still being served to us on Wednesday mornings at breakfast well into the 1920s.

Robert Graves would possibly have spotted this story as a typical myth-growth even without seeing the Potted Meat Horse. I believed it implicitly in all its details for the five years I was at the school, and somehow, as I watched Charlie following the mower following the horse (which wore big leather boots in soft weather), I felt it was good for

me to be there, at a school so keen on games and playing fields that it didn't slaughter its mowing horse in wartime, and so keen on its boys' health that it gave us meat of a sort whatever less fortunate groups were suffering. And the old horse seemed noble, too, in its insensate way, sacrificing its pounds of flesh for the common good. I admit that I didn't know why, when we got mutton and beef easily enough at home from the butcher, we still ate potted horse at school. But I knew there were a lot of things I didn't know, and some things I was not meant to know. Being perpetually hungry I wolfed my breakfast potted meat on Wednesdays as easily as my sausage on Sundays, dripping on Mondays, fish-cake on Tuesdays, bacon on Thursdays, omelet on Fridays and porridge on Saturdays.

The school had been founded in 1864 by a lady, and there was a large

oil-painting of her, in the Sargent/de Laszlo style, in the Dining Hall above the cupboard of silver athletic trophies. She was sitting on a grassy bank, or knoll, with a big straw hat in one hand and the other arm round the shoulder of a big black shaggy dog of the retriever variety. If you looked closely at the picture, you saw that the dog had no eyes, and this, I was told, was because Mike (who had perished, of course, decades before I got there—so had his mistress) had been born not only blind but without any holes in his skull for eyes. He looked happy enough high up there on the wall. But I worried a certain amount about him and all the bother he must have had without eyes in the big school grounds, and especially that over-furnished drawing room on the private side. Once again I felt it was pretty noble . . . this lady (to whose memory we said a



"Now don't get excited, let's read the small print first."

prayer in Chapel at the beginning of each term) having been so good to a so underprivileged one of God's creatures. It was only much later that I learnt that in fact the artist had died before quite finishing off the picture.

In a dark and nifty shed between the Chapel and the Ablutions worked a cheerful old chap called Bootie. All the "second" pairs of our outdoor shoes were kept there. Bootie cleared our dirty shoes out of our bootholes (mine was number 111) in the main school corridor while we were at work, in house slippers, between Bible Reading and Break. He trundled them in a vast wheeled basket (an excellent prop in the funny charades the masters put on at the end of term) to his shed, and brought back the other pairs, cleaned. Quite an operation for more than a hundred pairs of feet, but as our boot-hole numbers were, by Matron's irrefutable orders to parents, marked with brass nails on the insteps of our shoes, there wasn't much chance of the switching going wrong. The rest of the day Bootie stood at his bench and

polished shoes, and then put them in the duplicate bootholes, numbered, up three walls of his shed.

On one end of the top shelf on his left as he looked out into the Ablutions yard was a row of squat glass jars with liquid in them. They were corked and there were wires going into the corks. Of course you know now, and I know now, what these were: wet batteries for the school's primitive bell system. But Bootie said the jars contained Jerusalem bees, and that they were making him an alcoholic honey drink for Christmas. And I thought, once again, of the nobility of the loyal staff that looked after us: this poor man slaving away through the year and then having a happy Christmas, warmed by Jerusalem bee-wine of his own husbandry. Snow in the Ablutions yard, the sound of flushing stilled, no organ music from Chapel, all his bootholes empty... just old Bootie with his feet up, his own shoes polished, drinking and chuckling. A pleasant picture. Dickensian I would have called it if I had known the word. There was an obituary of Bootie in the

Mag. when he died, "in harness" it said. But nothing about his Jerusalem bees. I was nearly through Public School then but I still believed the bee-wine story, and I worried briefly, when I read the obit, that they might have forgotten Bootie's Jerusalem bees and left them to starve.

The hare-cat is one I'm not utterly unconvinced about to this day. I mean *was* it a myth? If so it was a parson who started it. Would a parson have told us a bung? And I am crystal clear in my memory that the animal had the head of a cat and the colouring and hind-quarters (with the long flat back feet) of a hare. The Rev. "Weed" Worsley, who got on to his bicycle from a step on the hub of the back wheel, brought the animal to school in a hay-nest in his bicycle-basket and gave it a saucer of milk outside the Tin House for all of us to see. "Oh, sir, where did you get it?" "From a station-master on the branch line. He found it in a nest on the embankment near his station. Its father was a hare, its mother a cat. There were three of them. He gave me this one for my daughter. She loves it. She calls it Puss."

Naturalists assure me that such a cross is impossible, and that I was being stuffed up with nonsense again. But I saw it moving and lapping milk at my feet outside the Tin House. "Weed" Worsley is dead. Perhaps his daughter isn't. If she is reading this I appeal to her through these columns. Didn't she once have as a pet a cross between a cat and a hare which she called Puss? RSVP.

Games Ago

IN days before the telly came
We had a box of dominoes,
Monopoly, a Scrabble game;
I wonder what's become of those?

We also used to play at Chess,
Mah Jongg and Happy Families,
And crochet mats that were a mess;
I wonder what's become of these?

We'd settle down to Bridge or Whist
With friends who called at 8 p.m.
Three times a week, and never missed;
I wonder what's become of them?

— HAZEL TOWNSON

THEN AS NOW

The suggested Consumer's Ministry will have to be given extraordinary powers if it is to deal with the traditional attitude of shopkeepers, as well as the goods they sell.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

Haberdasher (to Assistant who has had the "scoop"). "WHY HAS THAT LADY GONE WITHOUT BUYING?"

Assistant. "WE HAVEN'T GOT WHAT SHE WANTS."

Haberdasher. "I'LL SOON LET YOU KNOW, MISS, THAT I KEEP YOU TO SELL WHAT I'VE GOT, AND NOT WHAT PEOPLE WANT!"

June 16 1877

Essence of Parliament

LORD MANCROFT left the Government on the plea that he had to attend to his private affairs. I have no doubt that the plea was sincere, but I suspect that there was also another reason. Lord Mancroft is an *à la carte* rather than a *table d'hôte* speaker. To him, as he looks down from an immense height and with an appearance of seriousness which is fortunately belied by reality, it is hardly worth while making a speech if you have to stick to a brief and cut out the cracks because they may happen to conflict with official policy. He likes to choose his own subject and to say whatever it comes into his head to say. This week it was firearms. The gun, said Lord Mancroft, had become the status symbol of the crook. It is true. Unfortunately it has also become the status symbol of the sovereign state, and it is difficult to persuade crooks to be more adult than politicians. Lord Cottesloe, speaking for the riflemen, was angry about criticism of gun-buyers. It was not too easy, he argued; it was far too difficult to buy a gun in England to-day. A lot of people who were crack shots found it difficult to get a licence. But is that wrong? Surely on the whole a gun is more dangerous in the hands of a man who shoots straight than in the hands of a man who shoots crooked?

The fashion is to say that Sir David Eccles is a bad politician. It is certainly true that he has a somewhat unfortunate manner of lecturing his fellow Members as if they were little schoolboys. But I am not sure that his habit of frankly confessing that there are all sorts of things that he would like to do if only the Treasury would give him the money is a bad habit. I think that it is on the whole better than the more common habit of pretending that everything is working out exactly as the Minister wished it. The Opposition, represented in this instance by Mr. Willey, do not like it because it means that Sir David usually says most of the things in his opening speech that they intended to say against him in their reply. So Mr. Willey was reduced to complaining of "the status hierarchy of society," which is another way of saying that we are all snobs. When Lord Mancroft—

Symbols and Snobs

indeed most of the rest of us—talk about "status symbols" we are making what is a perhaps rather overlaboured joke. But when Mr. Willey talks in the language of an American psychology text-book, he is being perfectly serious. He is the only person I have ever met who thinks that language like that means something. To hear him is a fascinating experience. At the particular moment Sir David Eccles's thesis is that he would like to give full maintenance grants to all university students but that there just isn't the money. What was interesting was that the whole battle was fought on the argument whether full maintenance grants could be afforded. The new Conservatism, now becoming fashionable in the Bow Group, is that social service payments should on the whole only be made to those who need the money.

I wonder why on that argument no voice was raised to argue that on the contrary it was a good thing that parents who can afford it should pay for their children at universities. The Bow Group wanted school fees for those who could pay them. Why not university fees? Is it that Bow Groupers go to universities but do not go to State schools? Mr. Chuter Ede thinks that the universities are run by crooks and that a good pass from a secondary modern school is less likely to obtain a university entrance than a good pass from a grammar school. That the universities are run by crooks I am willing enough to believe, but I cannot quite see why the authorities should want to cheat in this particular way. Yet Mr. Ede announced that he had mysterious reasons for his accusation which he would not reveal, and who can argue with mystery? But Dr. King's accusation that there was nepotism in the awards granted by local authorities was at the least more easily intelligible.

Fish and Whips

Tuesday was Fish Day and Members found a surprising amount to say about it, even though Sir William Duthie must be the first Member in history to have refused a Whip for a Fish. Wednesday produced a lively near-all-night sitting on the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill. First there was a rather good knock-about of Foot v. Renton on the treatment of aliens, with the Labour front bench in the person of Mr. Gordon Walker trying to hold the balance between rebel and opponent with an obvious bias in favour of opponent. Then there was a more heated and less lightened set-to about London housing, in which so many London Labour members spoke that Mr. Rippon, the Under-secretary, had not time to reply for the Government before the closure. Back for a few brief hours of sleep and then a set-to again about Immigration.

The Government did not come very well out of this debate.

Whatever we expect of Mr. Butler we do not expect him to get rattled. Jeers and cat-calls, boos and bangabouts are nothing to him and can be met by a tolerant and pitying smile, but Mr. Butler does not like being caught out not knowing his stuff, and caught out he was when he was unable to give the emigration figures to balance the figures of immigration and that expert cross-floor walker, Mr. Fenner Brockway, came across the House to give them to him. Again there may be something to be said for having the Irish in the Bill and something to be said for leaving them out. But it is difficult to rebut Mr. Gordon Walker's charge that first to put them in and then to

take them out is mere incompetence. When the Butler falters, the whole servants' hall falls easily into disarray, and the Conservatives never recovered from Mr. Butler's false start. Sir Cyril Osborne got rough handling and allowed himself to be put off his stroke by stopping to answer all the most irrelevant interruptions. Mr. Hare was accompanied by singing until the Speaker stopped it. Mr. Nigel Fisher and Mr. Turton, lone voices on the Conservative benches, spoke against the Bill, and indeed no one, I think, would now give very heavy odds in favour of its reaching the statute book at least in anything like its present form. Mr. Gaitskell clearly felt that the tide was with him, or at any rate against the Government, and enjoyed himself. The question now is whether the electorate is with him. — PERCY SOMERSET

☆

"Sir Roy also refers to a similar statement by the Indian Ministry of External Affairs last week."—*Daily Telegraph*
Well, let's try to be forward-looking.



MR. JO GRIMOND



More And Still More Houses

THE main difference between the various political parties' housing policies is a minor variation in the hoped-for number of new dwellings to be built. There is also some conflict of views as to whether the major part of these houses will be privately or publicly built and financed. This last point is one of major importance for ratepayers and building societies. But the building contractor and those who supply him with materials and the fitments of this trade could hardly care less.

In fact there is reason to believe that putting up "accommodation units" for local authorities and other members of the so-called public sector of the economy, is rather more profitable to the trade than working for the private developer. As so often happens, the commercial spirit tends to fly out of the window when public enterprise comes in through the door.

The building boom has been slowed down from its inflationary gallop in the early part of the year, but business is still active and satisfactory. The queue of applicants for planning permission, especially on the outskirts of the great cities, is as long and as unsatisfied as ever.

Cheaper credit may before long restore the flagging energy of the boom. The rates at which local authorities can borrow for these and other purposes from the Exchequer have recently been reduced. With the prices of gilt-edged securities going up and the return on most fixed interest stocks falling, the building societies should soon find themselves better supplied with funds and, therefore, better able to answer the clamorous throng of potential borrowers who want to buy or build their own houses.

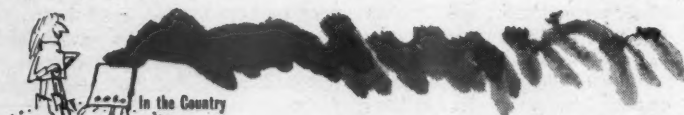
If the spurt in building is maintained, the demand for bricks is assured. Bricks are still one of the bottlenecks in the building industry. Costs have risen but this is one industry where the results for the past year should reveal that increased turnover has not been accompanied by diminished profits. There are some extremely well-managed companies in this group. London Brick, whose shares have fallen this year from 105s. 6d. to around 90s., give

a well-deserved yield of 4 per cent at the present price. They look attractive.

Among the smaller companies which are said to be doing well are Marston Brick, which yield well over 7 per cent, and Crossley Building Products, on which a return of nearly 6 per cent can now be obtained.

Bricks and plaster have to be covered. This is where Wall Paper Manufacturers come into the picture. The company suffered a slight fall in net profits last year, but not sufficient to disturb the 25 per cent dividend which was paid on a capital increased by the 3 for 10 rights issue.

The chairman, in his statement to shareholders, points to a strange in-



A Note on Incinerators

WHEN your incinerator, rusted wafer-thin after three years of sun and shower and burning the rubbish that rural dustmen don't call for, finally cracks up you feel more than annoyance about getting a replacement. You mourn a friend, and you brood over the life-cycle of the species.

"They never last long," friends tell you with a shake of the head, and the first hint of transience hits the incinerator early. Probably no new arrival was ever humped from its iron-monger's van but on a sunny day that shows off its gleaming silver paint as it sits quietly behind the exchange of invoice, cheque and weather-talk, seeming to promise a future world as bright as itself. Next thing it knows it is flaming away merrily between the American currants and the brick toolshed and it *hasn't any paint left*. Crack, peel, hiss, while the owner, if also new, stands there dimly supposing that the makers know their job.

After a couple of days of ecstatically bundling rubbish into their toy, days when the air quivers behind the shed and the oak-leaves thirty feet up go kippered, incinerator owners notice something. They have taken to telling this three-legged, four-handed, funnel-lidded object their troubles, their joys,

fluence on this and probably on similar companies' profits: it is the two-year cycle of the decorators' pattern book trade. Those vast, bewildering books of patterns from which we decide whether it is to be regency stripes or the willow design appear at intervals of two years. For months before each publication date the distributors quite naturally tend to run down their stocks.

Wall Paper Manufacturers are hard at it exploring methods for ironing out these ups and down of demand, which are very disturbing to the even flow of production and therefore of profits. Why not half-yearly supplements to the bi-annual tomes—if bi-annual they must be?

The company has well-spread interests with a paint division, one dealing with paper and yet another making furnishing fabrics. The deferred shares yield just under 4 per cent, but this was more than twice covered by the last profits.

— LOMBARD LANE

their household news, as bee-keepers are reputed to carry the gossip to the hives; though perhaps less articulately.

During the winter, when some of the rubbish gets burnt indoors, incinerators have a sort of close season. Down-right rusty by now, they look as sadly derelict as their little patch of garden; lighting them has the primitive, man-versus-nature cosiness of a January bonfire, plus the feeling that you are doing the poor thing a good turn. Nevertheless, let an owner's husband hint that this household will be needing a new incinerator in the spring and he runs into as tough a bit of fuddle-headed loyalty as he got last time he cut a dead tree down.

If he isn't right this year he is the next. It doesn't matter an incinerator being rusty, it is not too bad when the chimney keeps dropping off, but when the band round the top goes and the edges curl like potato crisps you know that mortality has struck. The last burn-up of an incinerator is as dramatic as the first; the air quivers, flames shoot out, the countryside reeks of burnt toast as the tottering structure caves in under its lid and you realise why all those feckless old half-incinerators that country gardens hold in their undergrowth are that exact shape.

— ANGELA MILNE

Man Expecting

by *Larry*





CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY

The Cupboard (ARTS)

That's Us (ROYAL COURT)

MR. RAY RIGBY'S comedy-thriller revolves round Fred Watson, a bespectacled Cockney who lives in a basement flat with a couple of wall-cupboards in the bedroom. These cupboards he keeps papering over, so it is not surprising that he is suspected in turn of murdering his wife, his landlady, and the woman who is buying the house where he lives. Not that his fellow-tenants are suspicious by nature; when Fred tells them that the landlady has gone for a holiday and asked him to collect their rents, they instantly ply him with money on which he is able to indulge his modest weaknesses for small shots of neat whisky and shilling bets on horses. But his sister-in-law, Milly, unwilling to believe any longer that Mrs. Watson is in some hospital the name of which he declines to tell her,

fetches in an extraordinary plain-clothes policeman, who looks, and sounds, and behaves as if he would be happier modelling knitwear on the cover of *Woman's Weekly*; and a little later a shady deal in jewellery brings this curious functionary in again. But our Fred is always too much for him. It is left to the Man from the Sanitary, the *deus ex cloaca*, to encompass his ultimate fall.

Well now, did he kill these ladies? It would remove almost all the impetus from Mr. Rigby's slack, untidy plot if I told you. Now and then he certainly *appears* to kill someone, but whenever this happens Mr. Wilfred Blunden, the Arts Theatre's talented chief electrician, turns out all the lights, thus enabling the play to trundle on through another act of uncertainty. "Everybody's behaviour," observes one character, "is completely, utterly and fantastically odd," and she can say that again.

The producer has framed each act

with an electrical rhubarb of screams, laughter, police-whistles, etc., as if warning us to take nothing seriously, and this I thought hard on the actors, whose uphill task it was to make their parts convincing. Fred, in Cyril Shaps's reliable hands, shows what John Christie might become if he were to evolve into a traditional pantomime character. Joyce Carey gives to the landlady, Mrs. Sparrow, the semblance of a haughty but susceptible barmaid; and William Hartnell plays the dealer in bent jewellery with such a familiar ring that had he been dressed as a sergeant-major instead of a bookie's runner we should hardly have noticed. Two short appearances by Richard Goolden as a bibulous lodger, done as if they were music-hall turns, earned him appropriate rounds of applause on each occasion.

Henry Chapman, the author of *That's Us*, which flickered briefly in and out of the Royal Court last week, distinguishes between his seven builder's labourers by giving them regional nicknames ("Sussex," "Surrey," "Israel") and a catchphrase apiece. A row or so behind me an earnest reporter from a newspaper was audibly keeping count of the number of times these catchphrases were repeated, and the total was formidable indeed.

These seven builder's labourers met on a railway station, went to work on a building-site, asked for their cards, and parted on the same station. At one climactic moment one of them remarked "That's us," and the audience broke into spontaneous applause. According to a note in the programme, Mr. Chapman's method is to comment on life as he finds it to-day and leave the audience to draw its conclusions. My conclusion is that Mr. Chapman finds life damn dull.

— B. A. YOUNG



CYRIL SHAPS as Fred Watson and JOYCE CAREY as Mrs. Sparrow in *The Cupboard*

AT THE PICTURES

The Connection

Il Generale della Rovere

A SECOND look at *The Connection* (Director: Shirley Clarke), which I first saw last May when it was shown at the National Film Theatre, reinforced some of my first impressions besides

giving me some new ones. The disadvantage of its essential stagyness was more noticeable (the closed scene, the stage volume and pace of some of the dialogue, the theatrical feeling of one or two episodes), but so was the impressiveness of the thing as a whole. And certainly I noticed a number of points that I had overlooked before.

As an example of what seems for some reason a purely theatrical effect, consider the little man who comes in silently, fixes up a record-player, plays a jazz record, then packs up everything and without a word goes out again—until, near the end of the film, he repeats the whole performance. Precisely because this is quite unexplained, it makes one think of a stage laugh; and there are other moments in the same key, though nothing else so striking.

Apart from this however the film is far more cinematic than most, and in a unique way. It would be wrong to call it a film within a film, because that implies separation, definition; in fact it is a fascinating mixture or alternation of one with the other. It is about a roomful of drug addicts and a man who is making a documentary about drug addicts, and both he and his cameraman appear in it—but it is also, itself, the film he is making. The camera itself gets into the action: occasionally at some instant of shock its eye will veer all over the room, blinking wildly here and there as if it were a startled human observer, and once or twice somebody advances threateningly staring into the lens, getting closer and closer till suddenly there is a clatter, the screen goes dark, and we hear agitated voices, understanding that the camera has been attacked. Easy to criticise this as a gimmick; the fact remains that it is effective, one of the things that draw us in to the doomed little company as they wait for their "connection," the man who is to bring them their shots of heroin.

The scene is the dingy, battered, half-furnished, one-room flat belonging to Leach (Warren Finnerty), and the seven or eight others in it include four jazz musicians, who at unpredictable moments play something with an air of automatism while the young film-maker Dunn (William Redfield) fixes up the lights, or talks to the man behind the camera, or tries to get someone to do something interesting for his film. At last the "connection" arrives, a tall Negro symbolically dressed in white and known as Cowboy (Carl Lee); and one by one the men go into the lavatory to be given their injections, returning in a stupefied state and gradually waking up and becoming "high." This is quite extraordinary to watch. Then, angry at being regarded as freaks, they induce Dunn to try the drug himself: he becomes one of them and (by way of the pictures he takes with a hand camera) so does anyone watching the film. We share his vision, concentrating with



WARREN FINNERTY as Leach, GEROME RAPHEL as Solly, BARBARA WINCHESTER as Sister Salvation and CARL LEE as Cowboy in *The Connection*

pathological intensity on trivialities, distracted by an irrelevant movement or the sight of a cockroach crawling up the wall from the face of a man who is telling a story...

The picture is almost impossible to describe in conventional terms; it is unique, brilliantly impressive and memorable.

On the other hand *Il Generale della Rovere* (Director: Roberto Rossellini) has a theme straightforward enough to be summed up quite briefly. In essentials it is the story of a self-seeking rogue who, as a result of having to impersonate a hero, ends by behaving heroically. The scene is Northern Italy during the German occupation and Vittorio de Sica appears as Bardone, a confidence man whom we see first getting money from the relatives of prisoners by pretending he can help them. When a Nazi commandant finds him out he agrees to go to prison in the name of Generale della Rovere (who has actually been shot) and pass on the information that will certainly come the way of so famous a partisan leader. But he gradually comes to identify himself with the prisoners against the authorities and by the end, having discovered something that would save him if he revealed it, he chooses to keep quiet and die like the patriot he is pretending to be.

What seems to me a fault is a curious lack of balance, an unevenness of mood. In the early scenes, as Bardone goes about playing one victim off against another, the tone is almost that of satirical comedy. All the business of the artificial sapphire, his lies about it and

his attempts to raise money on it—all this seems particularly out of place. Admittedly the point of the story depends on contrast: it is necessary for us to see what Bardone was because this makes the change in him the more impressive; but for me, at any rate, the difference in feeling between this part of the film and the later part goes too deep. Vittorio de Sica is so good an actor that he almost makes it work, and the whole thing is well worth seeing, but its balance is wrong.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Little Old Masters

I KNOW nothing in the world of entertainment more disconcerting, exasperating and wearying than foreign films with superimposed English captions. The translation may be good or bad (it is usually awful), but what upsets me most is the nervous and optical strain of switching from alphabet to image, image to alphabet in the certain knowledge that I am *always*, however smartly I operate, missing *something*. An added difficulty of course is that the captions are printed in black and white regardless of the pictorial background, so that I am seldom able to pick out a word here and there. Years ago in the silent days it was my lot at the cinema to sit within heavy earshot of somebody who read all captions aloud, slowly and with painstaking inaccuracy: now, such is fate, when I would give my right



"Listen—there's our tune."

arm-rest for vocal accompaniment, all my cinema neighbours remain infuriatingly tacit. However...

If anything, captions are even less easy on the eye in televised films, but I blinked my way through nearly two hours of Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky* without outside help or exceptional headache, and I am ready for more punishment at the hands of *Ivan the Terrible*. In my friendly way I am trying to tell the BBC how warmly its autumn programme of film classics is being welcomed. So far I have taken in *High Noon*, Olivier's *Richard III*, *The Informer* and the Eisenstein, all quite magnificent and wonderfully refreshing after the long haul through the dusty files of the BBC's library of faded feature films.

I realise, of course, that purists object to the televising of films made specifically for the large screen and public exhibition. Detail is lost in the coarse-grained picture, and timing devised to accommodate audience reaction often gets out of whack before the solitary viewer. But the little screen has

its compensations. In fact it need not be little: the area occupied by the cinema screen in the field of vision of a person sitting at the back of the stalls is no greater than that of a TV screen within comfortable range of the arm-chair critic. (Prove it, if you would, as I have done by peeping through a rectangular hole in a piece of paper!) Anyway, the viewer sees most if not all of the game. And what's more he sees it in peace. No obscuring hats, no shuffling or scuffling, no champing of jaws, no distracting comments and out-of-place giggles, no coughing. Communion without interruption: the relationship that one likes to achieve with a readable book.

It may be that I am missing the whole point about the big screen, that I am an unsocial, unsociable misfit. So be it. I treasure my ability to switch off the TV or put down a book in disgust, and I suspect both the cinema and the theatre because they have the power to trap me into unwilling submission. Yes, I've tried walking out on them, but it's bad

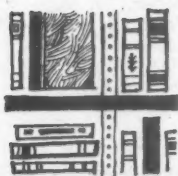
for marital and filial relations, for the digestion and the pocket.

After a few doubts about its timing, Armistice Sunday, I decided that *The Johnny Darling Show*, written by Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse, made splendid satirical entertainment. The whole confection was so gay and light that the sauciest and most audacious of its thrusts (at the Church, the Army, politics, advertising, the unions among others) seemed acceptable—though I have no doubt that Lord Reith must have turned in his groove. Newley, cool but less spirited than I expected, played the teenager's idol very competently, and sang from time to time in a voice which he himself, I believe, has described as "like the atmospherics you get on a cheap Japanese transistor radio." Accurately. — BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

PUNCH EXHIBITION

"PUNCH in the Theatre" is on view at the Little Theatre, Bristol.

Booking Office



THE ENIGMATIC PROFESSOR

By SIR MAURICE BOWRA

The Prof in Two Worlds. The Earl of Birkenhead. Collins, 45/-

BRIGADIER Charles Lindemann acted with uncommon wisdom when he entrusted the biography of his brother, the late Lord Cherwell, to Lord Birkenhead. It is hard to think of anyone who could have done it nearly so well; for Lord Birkenhead not only writes admirable English and knows how to tell a story but deals with his enigmatic and controversial subject with a remarkable detachment and fairness. He does not hide his affection or his admiration for Cherwell, but he is keenly aware of the contradictions in his character and of the reasons why many people disliked him. Those who liked him at all usually liked him a great deal, while those who disliked him thought nothing of denigrating his undeniable services to science and the country. On the purely scientific side Lord Birkenhead has received valuable help from Professor Derek Jackson, and the accounts of scientific matters are at least intelligible to the layman. On the personal side he has relied on his own intimate knowledge and by his careful and fair-minded handling put this unusual, if uncomfortable, figure in an illuminating perspective.

Cherwell, who was well known for his brusque and sarcastic treatment of many people, was in fact very thin-skinned and spent his life building up defences against any possible attacks on his many vulnerable spots. He was, largely because of his mother's carelessness, born at Baden-Baden, and this led to the view in the First War that he was a German. In fact he was of Alsatian origin, his father had been naturalised as a British subject, and the family had a powerful branch in France. As a child he was called "Peach," and he was terrified that this might get known, and welcomed the far more friendly sobriquet of "the Prof" invented by Lady Eleanor Smith. At school at Blair Lodge he had to wear

a kilt, and this gave him such a horror of being thought effeminate that he would never wear even a wrist-watch. Being a remarkably gifted mathematician and physicist, he felt that these subjects were not regarded with the respect that they deserved, and this prompted him to launch contemptuous diatribes against humane studies. As a boy he was quite a good artist and played the piano well, but, since he saw that he was not a genius at either, he banished music and art from his life. Since he was uncomfortable about his name and his origin, he found security among the titled families of Great Britain, who welcomed his company and believed what he said.

Despite his inner conflicts he was indeed successful, as Lord Birkenhead's title suggests, in two worlds. As a physicist he took over the Clarendon Laboratory at Oxford, when it was entirely moribund, and made out of it one of the best institutions of its kind in the world. Not himself a great researcher, he encouraged research in



"Mallet"

"Top Ten or not—I say it stinks."

others, gathered together a remarkable team of workers both from home and abroad, and was, despite his sometimes prickly exterior, much liked by his staff and his students. He was more at home in his laboratory than anywhere else, and his best qualities came into play. Despite his taste for anti-Semitic jokes, nobody did more to get posts in this country for Jewish scientists whom Hitler had expelled, and of all scientists whom he knew he admired Einstein most.

In his other world he was a politician, not by inclination or ambition but simply from his unflinching devotion to Sir Winston Churchill. With him he fought in the gloomy days of the 'thirties; for him he worked through the war and again from 1951 to 1953. He did not always get his way, and he was not always right. But, despite Sir Charles Snow's travesty of the subject, Cherwell did a lot for radar, while he was not far wrong in some of his other forecasts. Even when he had retired from public life he was mainly responsible for the establishment of the Atomic Energy Authority. In our stratified Society he was an unusual figure, savage in controversy, suspected of Pharisaism and Philistinism, and yet capable of unshakeable loyalty, of great kindness to the young, of affections about which he was almost unable to speak but which showed themselves in many hidden acts of generosity.

NEW NOVELS

The Lily and the Lion. Maurice Druon.

Rupert Hart-Davis, 16/-

The Torch. Wilder Penfield. Harrap, 16/-

The Prophet's Carpet. Anthony Rhodes.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 18/-

Come Out to Play. Alex Comfort. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16/-

THE LILY AND THE LION is the last novel in the series *The Accursed Kings* and the story of the French monarchy in the first part of the fourteenth century breaks off with the death of Robert d'Artois, though there is an epilogue about the Italian goldsmith who is really the lost son of Louis X. The addict will feel rather chilly and alone; it is as bad as finishing Mervyn Peake's *Gormenghast* trilogy. Monsieur Druon writes gossip at white heat, like a confidential servant secretly setting down a record of the great affairs he has been involved in, though the writer of reminiscences does not generally have so firm a grasp of the economic background. Gossip depends on not being mean with the proper names and part of the attraction of the books is the skill with which a great number of characters are kept distinct, while forming a mass that dramatises the political pressures of consanguinity. No episode drags and the

effect of the constant change from one part of the field to another is stereoscopic rather than cinematic. Once Monsieur Druon has got over the death of his wonderful villain he really must go on.

The Torch is much more like the traditional historical novel. It is about Hippocrates and the Grecian atmosphere blows through it hard. The social history and the hero's love affair and the hyacinthine landscapes of the Eastern Aegean are painted with an elegant, if slightly florid, brush. The purely medical part is much more unusual and interesting; Dr. Penfield as an archaeologist is an amateur, though a learned one, but as a neuro-surgeon he is world-famous. The greatness of the founder of inductive medicine comes across. My only hesitation was over the sharp but low-pressure contrast between Superstition and Reason. Obviously Hippocrates was going to win; but he might almost be a thoroughly sound country doctor faced with rural belief in charms and spells. More anthropological poetry in describing what he was up against would have given the novel a better historical balance. The Ancient World in Dr. Penfield's chirpy, optimistic prose lacks strangeness.

The Prophet's Carpet is an attempt to be fair to Moslems and Communists and Balkan politicians and the British; it is not very penetrating but quite agreeable to read. The decent, limited, ex-Army Consul, whose relations with the new Government are bedevilled by the affection he has developed for the Mohammedan inhabitants before the war, comes to hate both the commercial values of the West and the ruthless materialism of Communism; but his taste for natives he can treat as irritating but likeable children and for whose religion he can feel a kind of connoisseur's affection may not seem as attractive as Mr. Rhodes obviously finds

it. However, he is a solidly built character and far superior to the slapdash caricatures of diplomatic wives which provide the comic relief.

Come Out to Play makes Dr. Comfort's brand image even more baffling than before. Poet, essayist, philosophic anarchist and specialist in the biology of ageing, sometimes he bursts out all over the place, reviewing, publishing books, fighting in the correspondence columns of the weeklies, and sometimes he disappears completely from view. He has now emerged with an endearingly incompetent farcical novel. It is strong where most romps about aphrodisiac perfumes are weak; there is a lot of science and it is credible. The narrator runs classes in Sex for married couples, which Dr. Comfort apparently considers a revolutionary step, and gets involved with international diplomacy. Unfortunately all the grim invention is spoilt by the wildness of the political swipes, which are heavily jocose. The Foreign Secretary is called Fossil Fundament and there is worse than that.

— R. G. G. PRICE

GRANDE DAME

Letters to a Friend. From Rose Macaulay. 1950-1952. Edited by Constance Babington Smith. Collins, 25/-

"My grandmother wrote very racy, packed letters," remarks Dame Rose. Hers improve even on this standard, being profound and touching as well. They are all written to Father Johnson, SSJE, in America, and annotate her rediscovery of her Anglican faith after years spent in "the world, my wilderness." What she says of this return is subtle, scholarly, and heart-warmingly defensive of the Anglo-Catholic position. Father Johnson's letters, onlie begetters of it all, were destroyed in accordance with Dame Rose's wishes after her death. We could have done with them.

Things temporal aren't neglected.

THE MUSIC HO!

My Life and Music. Artur Schnabel. Edited by Edward Crankshaw. Longmans, 30/-

Schnabel was alleged to be an entirely cerebral musician (Beecham's hated breed of musicologists who could read music but not hear it probably fostered this!) and he was certainly somewhat minatory in the concert hall—he played what he planned, with no encores and only knew two sorts of audience, "those who cough and those who don't."

But it is abundantly clear that as man and musician he was far from this aloof picture: he was passionately convinced that by inward listening the truth of great music would be revealed, the composer himself conveying the subtleties beyond the notes that make music the ideal medium for expressing abstract ideas through emotional means. His controlled nuances of expression—no

idle vagaries or sloppy rubato but "a free walk on firm ground"—made him an ideal link in the chain of communication—composer—performer—audience—which is the essence of all music making.

— JOHN DURRANT

Django Reinhardt. Charles Delaunay. Cassell, 25/-

Largely anecdotal biography of gipsy jazz guitar virtuoso of the Quintette du Hot Club de France. His inherent independence and nomadic wanderlust, his casual irresponsibility and extravagant self-esteem combined to produce a fascinating, if at times infuriating, man who deserves a more penetrating study than this collection of friendly reminiscences. Several photographs are included and a very comprehensive discography for the discophiles.

— F. W. SMITH



After Mass comes a dash through London traffic (bicycle or car), and a header into the Serpentine. Then work on the current book, or meetings with friends (a distinguished list). Everywhere there are shrewd comments on books and writers, and on the violence of the tempestuous times she was writing in. Good Macaulayan jokes smile up at you, and lovely occasional memories of her Italian girlhood in Varazze. How eagerly must Father Johnson have awaited his postman's knock.

— DAVID WILLIAMS

TENNESSEE'S NEUROTIC WORLD

Period of Adjustment. Tennessee Williams. Secker and Warburg, 15/-

Tennessee Williams still sees the world as a vast neurological hospital, and in moments of incoherence his male characters still adhere in affectionate bearhugs, but in this, his latest play to be published over here, his work seems to have taken a new and welcome direction. He has shed his aggravated sense of human doom and emerges as a light-hearted writer who sees the human comedy with compassion.

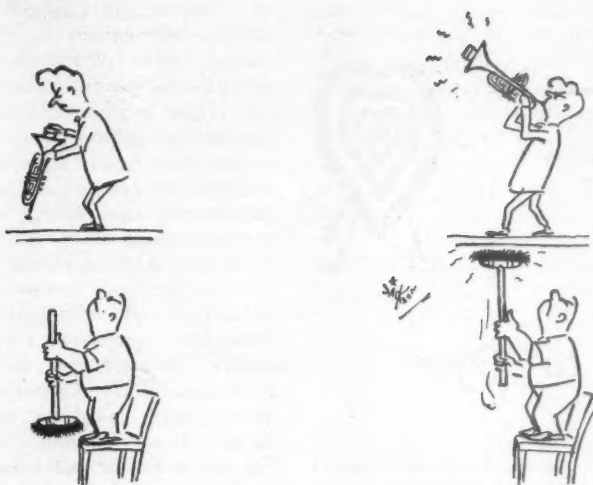
Period of Adjustment is the story of two marriages on the rocks. Mr. Williams's heroes, much-decorated bomber pilots whose glory has worn thin in civilian life, are out of favour with their wives, but it is a matrimonial mess that is clearly capable of repair, and in the end all is made up with a slick bliss that Noël Coward couldn't have improved on. Parts of the play are very amusing. It has undertones of genuine feeling, and I look forward to seeing it in production.

— ERIC KEOWN

JAPANESE PRINTS

Utamaro. J. Hillier. Phaidon, 60/-

This very handsome book (in an attractive cloth cover) contains seventeen coloured and over one hundred mono-



chrome reproductions of Utamaro's work—mainly prints. Japanese art is flatter and less realistic than that of many European painters; it relies largely on decorative arrangement, rhythm and silhouette. Japanese faces in art are more formalised by far than those of, say, Gainsborough or Renoir. Utamaro was no exception to this but a master of Japanese qualities. Utamaro's work, so J. Hillier tells us, centred to a great extent round the "Green Houses" or brothels, which in Japan enjoyed, in the eighteenth century at least, a far more exalted status than they do here. Certainly there is no hint of degradation in any of the women whom he portrays with a rare distinction. Question: there is only one picture by Rembrandt in the National Gallery of anyone paddling, a mature, heavily built woman in a shift. Can Mr. Hillier be referring to this woman (page 55) "Everyone is familiar with Rembrandt's painting in the National Gallery of a little girl paddling?" A glossary would have been helpful in a book containing many Japanese words.

— ADRIAN DAINTRY

good points. Here he deals with their successors, Ferdinand II, famous as King Bomba, and his son, Francis II, who finally lost the throne. Mr. Acton once again plays the sympathetic role of Devil's Advocate with his accustomed charm and bravura. The last Queen of the Two Sicilies, Maria Sophia (of whom a delightful photograph is included, at the siege of Gaeta in the chic-est of hats) comes into Proust's novel, it will be remembered, when she stood by M. de Charlus when everyone else cut him so cruelly.

— ANTHONY POWELL

OLD ZLO DAYS

The Birth of Broadcasting. Asa Briggs. Oxford, 42/-

"Without the initiative of business enterprise there would have been no BBC; without a concept of public service there would have been no Corporation." In this first volume of a three- or even four-decker history of broadcasting in the UK, Professor Briggs describes

how the Company came to be formed and the stages by which it turned itself into a national institution and the corner-stone of the Establishment.

The author makes his way through a mass of detail—technical, financial, organisational—always lucid, lively in patches when the occasion permits. (At times the hearty staff reunion flavour—remember those trays of beer and meringues, that sudden failure of the mike!—becomes almost embarrassing.) As a piece of social history the book is of great value; its chief human interest lies in the powerful and Cromwellian figure of J. C. W. Reith, who became general manager of the company at 34 and set his seal and image on the Corporation. The second volume should provide us with more vivid expression of this masterful personality.

— ADAM SARGENT

CREDIT BALANCE

The Multi-Millionaires. Goronwy Rees. *Chatto and Windus*, 21/-. Fascinated studies of six very rich men by aficionado. Only Krupp lambasted. Main common characteristics hard work, preoccupation with detail, earnest wish that their coups and hobbies should be reported accurately. Index includes Caracalla, Constantine the Great coalmine, Dempsey, Freeman, Hardy & Willis, Hannibal-Hanover Coal Company, Hemingway, Homer, Prince of Wales's Theatre, Spartan Cafeteria Corporation and Lady Wilde.

Horace Walpole. Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis. *Hart-Davis*, 63/-. The ideal introduction to the greatest letter-writer in English, written by the founder-editor of the Yale edition of Walpole's correspondence. Its illustrations match its matter.

Cricket: The Golden Ages. A. A. Thomson. *Stanley Paul*, 21/-. A loving ramble round the great names and feats of the summer game with a writer of rare enthusiasm and evocative skill.

The Widower. Simonon. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6. Why did ex-tart wife of large, helpless typographer kill herself? Not a whodunit. Scene Paris. Very convincing picture of dull, disastrous hero's pitiable, stifling personality.

THE NEAPOLITAN KINGS

The Last Bourbons of Naples. Harold Acton. *Methuen*, 15/-

Liberal opinion is capricious in many of its likes and dislikes, in none more than its attitude to minorities. In Italy, for example, unification was always the aim of the progressives, without much concern about what the minorities themselves felt. This may have been quite right, but there was something to be said on the other side, especially in the case of the Neapolitan kingdom, at least as different from Northern Italy, racially speaking, as England from Ireland.

Mr. Harold Acton has already given us the earlier history of the Bourbon monarchs of Naples in a book which certainly does not hide their failings, though at the same time showing their



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FOR WOMEN



To Dye or Not to Dye

IT came as no surprise to me to read that an establishment in Connecticut specialising in removing facial wrinkles and blemishes by burning them away with carbolic acid had been closed by the state health authorities, because I had just come across the same killjoy attitude towards self-beautification when I had attempted to have my eyelashes dyed while making a brief sojourn in New York City. The only trouble I ever ran into having the same job done in Paris, where my addiction began, was in convincing the operators who worked on me that my black eyelashes needed to be dyed black. My argument was always that the tips had been bleached by the sun and I wanted to restore their true length and luxuriance. Actually it was really a matter of keeping up with the Joneses, in this case the two friends with whom I was sharing Parisian salad days. They had the advantage of nondescript eyelashes to start with and could choose all sorts of exotic dyes on their regular visits to the beauty salon in the rue Cambon where the deed was done. They were one up in another way too because they always seemed to dream up wonderfully intellectual aphorisms during the lengthy dyeing process . . . the sort of thing the heroines of French novels written by French men of letters are able to come up with on every conceivable occasion. My friends claimed that they were capable of these cerebral acrobatics while deprived of visual stimuli, but the only thing I remember flickering across what I in moments of euphoria call my brain was a concern over how one would find an exit in case of fire.

But there never was a fire and I emerged quite often from the darkness of the dyeing room without realising what dangers I had been flirting with.

Some inkling of these came when I breezed into the London offshoot of the Paris house to arrange to have my eyelash tips restored. I was treated as though I had made a most improper suggestion and frostily shown the door. After further inquiries, I discovered a place where such work was done provided one signed a document beforehand releasing the firm in question from any responsibility should there be unpleasant after-effects. These hints of dire consequences dampened my enthusiasm temporarily and I resorted to mascara for a time. Still the memory of the glossy-lashed, dewy-eyed me who used to be lingered and when I found myself outside the New York branch

of the same purveyors of beauty, I decided to try again.

After I had explained what I wanted done, the receptionist looked as though she might faint with horror. She recovered enough composure to send for a grey-flannel-clad representative of management and in a whispered consultation with him, during which both of them darted incredulous and frequent glances at me, she passed on the gist of my demand. It was obvious that he had perfected a technique for handling outlandish requests and a smile to go with it, the same smile as that worn by doctors in advertisements who are always being asked to tell people things. It was so smugly tolerant of humanity's foibles that I knew I was in for some pedantic but well-intentioned scolding. I was told that vanity was a charming feminine trait, but when it involved risk to something as precious as one's sight it became folly. Terrifying visions of seeing-eye dogs and white canes were conjured up so that I would understand why the firm refused to dye eyelashes on principle. And when this was all over I was asked why I wanted to dye black eyelashes anyway and whether I had ever tried their very special formula mascara, guaranteed free of all harmful ingredients. I was so weakened by what I had heard that I bought enough of the stuff to last me till I can get back to the rue Cambon where the risk of life or limb for the sake of self-embellishment is a gamble the individual is allowed to take.

— MILDRED BROCKLEHURST

Three Drinks Too Few

DISAPPOINTING in a way, darling. I mean which of us sink-bound girls doesn't look forward to a good old booze-up from six-thirty to eight? All dressed up in me little black, I was, and you splendid in dark grey and crackling cuffs. The man by the door, the one with the tweedy suit and balding head, liked me, I thought. He gazed at me in a nice lean intellectual way until old green glass beads came and dragged him away to meet Moira. I was left with Ronald and his lawn then for hours and hours—ask me anything about lawns and I won't know

it. I dozed quietly into my glass the whole time and watched people doing underhand things with their sausage sticks.

Old green beads (what *was* her name? So efficient in circulating her guests but not so hot with the drinks) saw my glazed look and rattled me and my empty glass into a very gay and madly talking throng—oh! no, but darling, they shrieked, you simply *must*; *must* take up golf; *must* see *Beyond the Fringe*; *must* take a look in the kitchen at their fabulous new Norwegian girl; *must* try one of those divine shrimp things.

From the fireplace I could hear your three-drinks-too-many laugh making the ornaments jump, so I wandered over to find out where you were getting your liquor from. Balding head stopped me on the way, still gazing hungrily, but it was food he was after, not me. He wanted to know where I was getting the grub. Whenever he looked at me I was eating. How did I manage it? He was ravenous, he'd missed his

lunch, he'd got an ulcer, his life was hell. You should try one of those divine shrimp things, I told him, pointing. But they'd gone. So had you. No, no, darling, don't give it another thought. I knew I'd find you in the kitchen with the gin and the magnificent Jöanne. And as old green beads said, it was gorgeously domesticated of you to be giving her a hand with the dishes. — EILEEN MEYER

Dividing Line

DAINTY little flying thing,
Tiny body, fragile wing,
Art thou Butterfly or moth?
Eatest nectar or fine cloth?
Help me, help me to decide,
Before I spray insecticide.

— J. A. JEFFS

The Envelope Hoarder

WHAT is it that my husband sees in empty envelopes? Why is it that when the contents have long since been perused and discarded, the envelopes remain, stuffed into the pigeon-holes of the desk or even carefully filed?

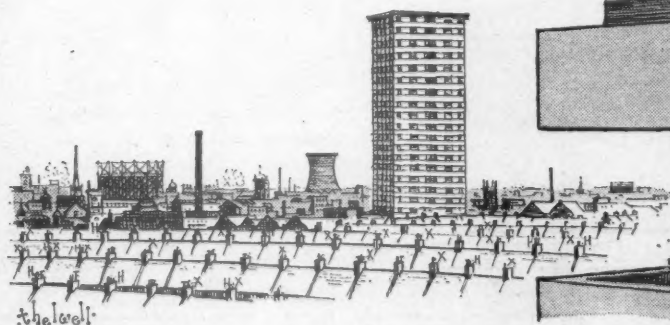
Were they pink, perfumed, and written in the delicate copper-plate of lost loves, or scrawled by forgotten playfellows, so that their re-discovery gave him a tremulous thrill, I could understand it. But he hoards with equal fervour the buff and the type-written, and who is so attuned to the aura of his love that he can detect her touch on a long-carriage Imperial or portable Olivetti? Certainly not my husband.

Does he keep them for their beautiful blank backs, begging to be covered with notes or lists of things to remember? Alas, he never remembers anything. Is it a deep psychological trait dating back to an Economy Label childhood? He opens them far too messily to re-use them, and anyway it is the hanging on to them that he likes. There are so many good places for putting empty envelopes and he is constantly finding new ones. He can tuck them behind the clock, impale them on the dresser cup-hooks, leave them in books, spread them one per pocket in every pocket-bearing garment (including Saturday's haul in dressing-gown), stuff them in the drawer that ought to contain his socks and hankies but is far too full of valuable pocket refuse, bury them down the sides of chairs. It is a thousand pities he can't say he uses them as curl-papers, there are always scores on the dressing table.

If I ask if I may throw one away, he agrees with pain. So I throw them away

in stealth. A certain esoteric interest creeps into my clearings. What can have arrived in an envelope *that* shape? Whoever wrote to us from Pontypridd in green ink in 1953? Why did an unknown correspondent in 1950 write Reply Essential If Gone Away across the head of his envelope, and did we? How faded 1947 stamps look. How few of the people who write to us can spell our name. I now appreciate the continental habit of giving name and address on the back of the envelope, but wish they could also be prevailed on to repeat same at the top of the letter, as these are the only envelopes that the dear man ever does throw away.

So here I am panting round with the waste-paper basket, trying to keep abreast of the postman and dreading the thought of Christmas cards, and may I appeal to all those who have occasion to write to us? Please make it a postcard. My little girl collects them. — ANNE HAWARD



"Now watch! As he gets to the front door the other one sneaks out the back."

FIRST APPEARANCE

TRAVELLER'S JOY

A Farewell to Steam

THERE we sat in attitudes of patient boredom—
Old man, young man, city man pale.
Each shut tight in his small ignoredom,
Swinging to the singing of the long, long rail.

Heads bent, eyes dim, wrapped in the ritual,
Priests of the tunnel and the stuffed-hair seat.
Dead-pan, poker-face, wan and spiritual,
Driven by the rhythm of the hum-drum beat.

Smoke-stale, steam-stewed, grimy and germinous,
Jolting to the halting of the bright steel trail.
Spewed upon the platform of a London terminus—
Jonahs from the belly of a tin-plate whale.

— J. A. DOLE

CONTRABAND

I FLEW for the day with a party of friends from Jamaica to one of its dependencies, the small island of Grand Cayman. We took with us a brown paper bag full of bananas, in case we had no time to go to the hotel for a meal. As things turned out, we were splendidly entertained and did not need the bananas.

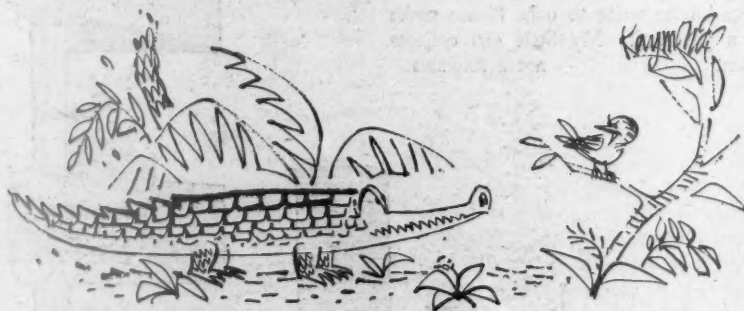
I was tired of carrying the heavy awkward bag, and when it became redundant tried to abandon it in taxis, in the hotel, at someone's house, on the beach, at the airport. Each time some kind person chased after me. "Here, missus, you done forget dis."

By the time we sank into the plane to return to Montego Bay I was heartily

sick of it. A last attempt to leave it in the plane was foiled by an observant steward. So I was still reluctantly clutching it when we reached the Customs. The chocolate official pointed to the pulpy object. "What that?" "Bananas," I sighed tiredly. He stiffened and snapped "Where you get 'em?" I replied that I had taken them from Montego Bay that morning. He drew himself up and said grandly: "I'm asking you to give them to me at once. No bananas can be imported into Jamaica except by special licence, and observance of regulations."

The burden had rolled away.

— M. D. MURRAY



"Aw!—go and pick your own teeth!"

AN INTERRUPTED GAME

SOME years ago, as a Special Constable, I helped to raid a club on Hove seafront. Eighteen of us arrived in three private cars at 11.30 p.m.

At a signal we swarmed into the premises. I was directed to the cards-room. Here we found one party of four playing bridge, each with a glass of hard liquor at his hand. Names and addresses were taken. One of the players was a doctor from Liverpool who had come on a visit to Hove for the first time, and had been taken out by a friend.

After a time, rather self-consciously and with a touch of bravado, the game was resumed, and the doctor reached out to grasp his drink. The sergeant in charge of my party gripped the doctor's wrist and said "You mustn't drink that!" "Why not?" asked the astonished doctor. "'Course you can't; not now!" said the sergeant. "Ain't you ever been in a raid before?" — GEOFFREY PEACHEY

ONYX

I USED to be terse and laconic
But now that you've gone far away
In verses both bold and Byronic
I express myself freely all day.

Your name ever sweet and euphonic
I constantly sing or I say
I recall without any mnemonic
The sound of your laughter so gay.

My thoughts once so calm and symphonic
Unruffled as placid Loch Tay
Now whirl in a manner cyclonic
To the sound of a mad roundelay.

My temper grows harsh and sardonic
I talk like a man in a play
My moods make me fierce and draconic
I snarl like a tiger at bay.

My condition grows rapidly chronic
So answer this question I pray
If our friendship is only platonic
Should our parting affect me this way?
— F. G. HOUSTON

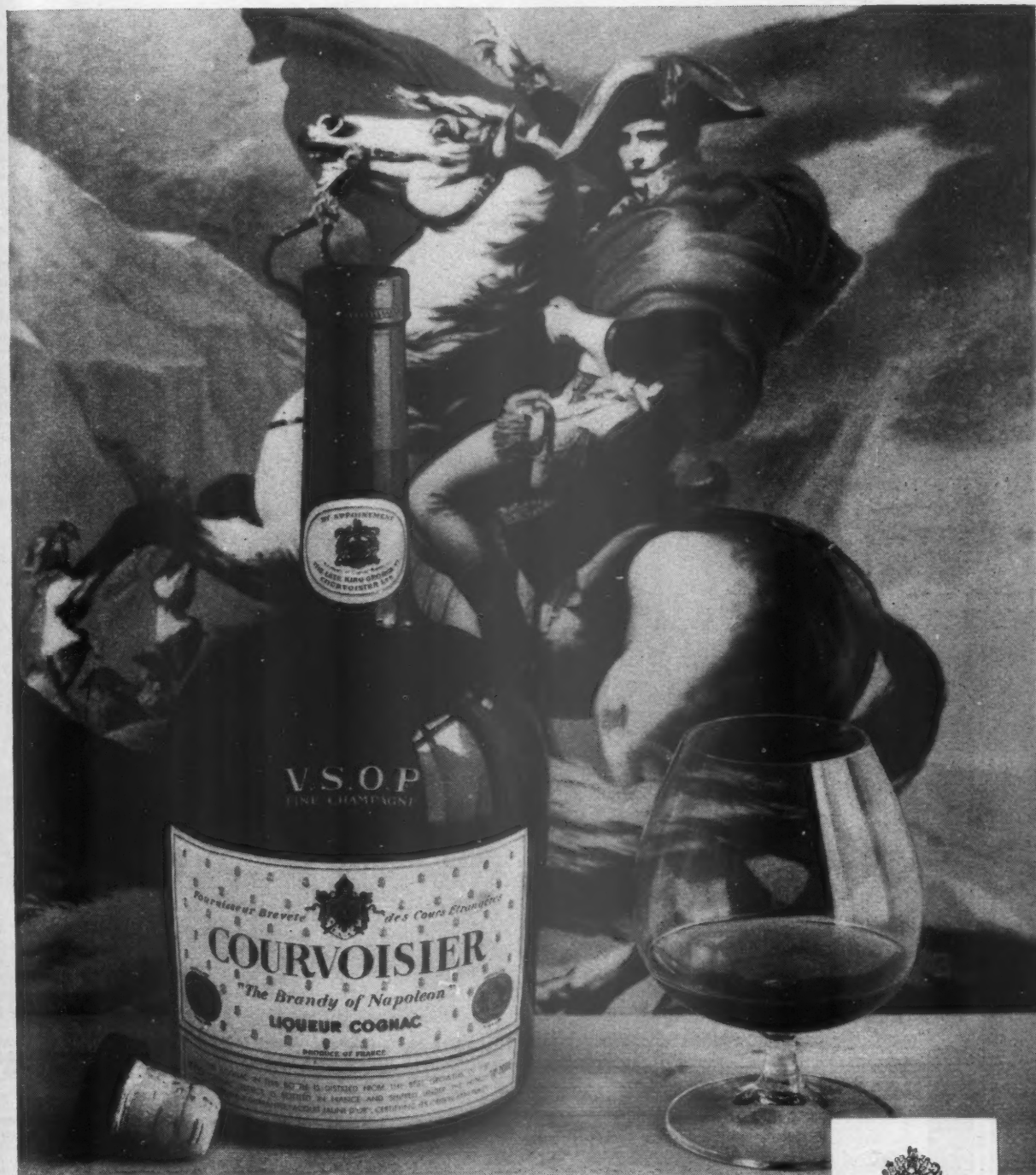
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reasonable price

ROTARY
WATCHES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIX

(piano). Nov. 27, 8 pm, Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Nov. 28, 8 pm, Hoffnung Astronautical Festival.

Wigmore Hall.—Nov. 22, 7.30 pm, Julius Katchen (piano) and Aeolian String Quartet. Nov. 23, 7.30 pm, John Franca (cello) Tom Bromley (piano). Nov. 24-25, National Piano Playing Competitions. Nov. 26, 3 pm, Hans-Helmut Schwarz (piano). Nov. 27, 7.30 pm, Nigel Coxe (piano). Nov. 28, 7.30 pm, St. Cecilia Piano Quartet.

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.—Nov. 22, 24 and 28, 7.30 pm, *The Silent Woman* (Strauss). Nov. 23, 7 pm, *Aida* (Verdi). Nov. 25, 2.15 and 7.30 pm, *La Fille Mal Gardée* (ballet). Nov. 27, 7.30 pm, *The Sleeping Beauty* (ballet).

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—Nov. 22, 7 pm, *Carmen* (Bizet). Nov. 23 and 28, 7.30 pm, *Barber of Seville* (Rossini). Nov. 24, 7.30 pm, *Rigoletto* (Verdi). Nov. 25, 7.30 pm, *Ariadne on Naxos* (Strauss).

GALLERIES



Agnew.—Pictures by Dutch, English and Italian Masters. **Alfred Brod.**—Frances Macdonald until Nov. 24. **Arthur Jeffress.**—Paul Hellue, Rodolfo de Sanctis, until Nov. 24. **Arts Council.**—Larionov and Goncharov. **Biggins.**—John Godenne until Nov. 25. **Chiltern.**—Domjan woodcuts. **Gimpel Fils.**—John Levee. **Hanover.**—Vasarely, until Nov. 25. **Kaplan.**—Anthony Harrison. **Lefevre.**—Jean Commère. **Molton.**—Robyn Denny. **Royal Academy.**—Sir Thomas Lawrence. **Tate.**—Epstein Memorial. **Arthur Tooth.**—Recent Acquisitions. **Upper Grosvenor.**—Simon Segal. **Waddington.**—Kit Barker. **Walker's.**—Exhibition of Early English Watercolours.

MISCELLANEOUS



British Museum, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Antiquities, works of art, printed books, manuscripts. Daily, 10 am to 5 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm.
The Building Centre, Store Street, W.C.1. Monday to Friday 9.30 am to 5 pm, Saturdays 9.30 am to 1 pm.
Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, E.C.4. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am and 2 pm, Saturdays 11 am.
The Design Centre, Haymarket, S.W.1. Daily, except Sundays, 9.30 am to 5.30 pm, Wednesday and Thursday 9 am to 9 pm.
London Museum, Kensington Gardens, W.8. History of London. Daily 10 am to 4 pm, Sundays 2 to 4 pm.
The London Planetarium, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Monday to Friday, 11 am, 12.15, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 7 pm. Saturdays, 11 am, 12.15 pm, 1.45 pm, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.35 pm, 8 pm. Sundays, 3 pm, 4.15 pm, 5.30 pm, 6.35 pm, 8 pm.
Madame Tussaud's, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Monday to Friday 10 am to 6 pm, Saturdays and Sundays 10 am to 7 pm.
Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Natural sciences. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily 3 pm lecture tours, except Sundays.
Parliament, Strangers Gallery, House of Commons, Monday to Thursday 4.15 pm, Fridays 11.30 am; House of Lords, Tuesday and Wednesday 2.30 pm, Thursday 3 pm.
Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, W.C.2. Public galleries open Monday to Friday 10.15 am to 4.30 pm.
Royal Exchange, E.C.3. Monday to Friday 10 am to 3 pm, Saturdays 10 am to 12 noon.
Science Museum, Exhibition Road, S.W.7. National Museum of Science and Technology. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 to 6 pm. Daily public lectures, children's films, 11 am. Sundays excepted.
Stock Exchange, 8 Throgmorton Street, E.C.2. Public gallery open Tuesday to Friday 10.30 am to 3 pm.
Tower of London, E.C.3. Monday to Saturday 10 am to 4 pm.
Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Museum of Applied and Fine Arts, all countries, styles and periods. Daily 10 am to 6 pm, Sundays 2.30 pm to 6 pm.
Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, N.W.1. Daily, 10 am to 4 pm.

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2 1961

Punch, November 22 1961

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It broke. Snap snap snap. Customers wrote angry letters
saying all their things were falling to pieces.



'It's *ME* that's going to pieces,' thought the factory manager.
One day the sewing girl found him slumped over a table.
'What's wrong?' she said. 'It's the thread,' he said.

So the sewing girl took a deep breath and said,

"USE 'TERYLENE' THREAD—IT'S STRONGER, LASTS LONGER."




And he did.
And it was quite true.
And two days later he
asked the sewing girl to
come and sew for him.
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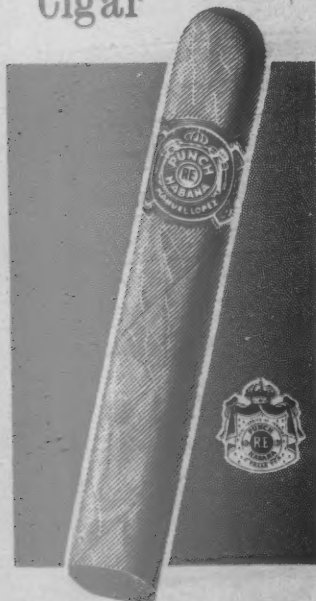
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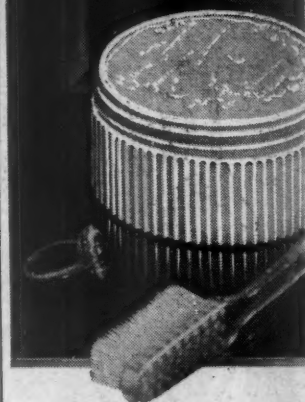
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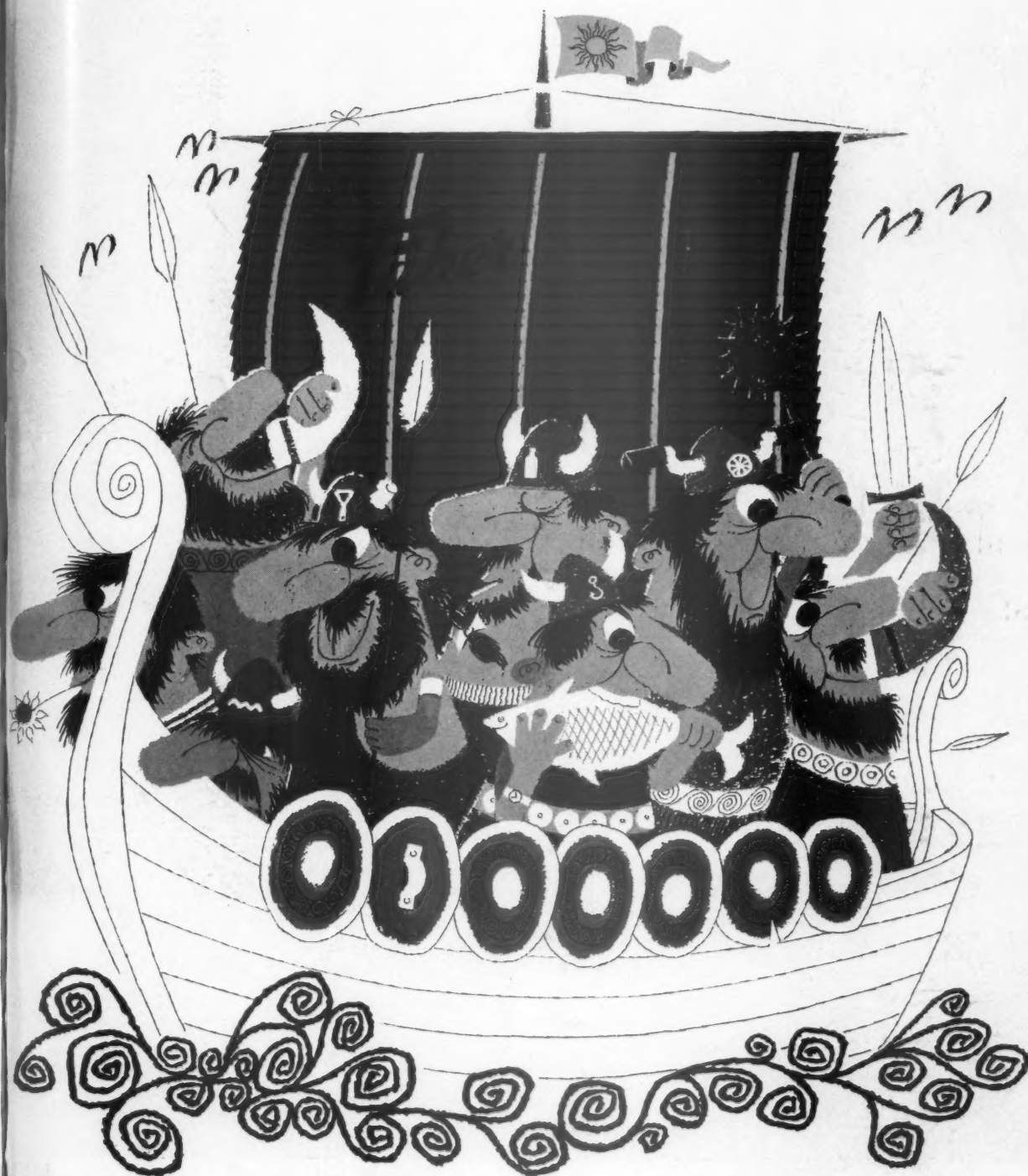
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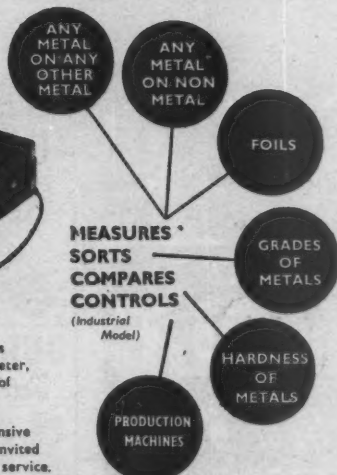
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PROFIT. Group Profit after tax £709,592, compared with £729,521 for 1960. Eastern profits were buoyant but America, Canada and Australia were lower.

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STOCKHOLDERS' FUNDS.

Capital	
6% Cumulative Preference Stock	£ 630,000
10% Preferred Ordinary Stock	1,000,000
Deferred Ordinary Stock	2,500,000
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Reserves	4,625,379
Stockholders' Funds at 30th June 1961	£8,780,379

Deferred Ordinary Dividend covered 2.7 times.

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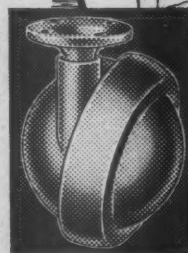
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